

# ERA

JULY, 1934 Volume 17 Number 7

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### The Sego Lily

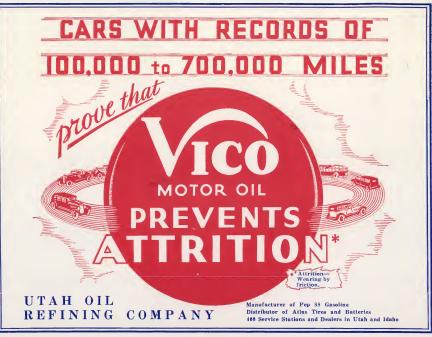
THE Utah state flower, the sego lily, bears the scientific name Calochortus Nuttalli. The genus name Calochortus is derived from two Greek words, Kalos, beautiful, and Chortus, grass, in allusion to the flower and its grass-like leaves. The species name Nuttalli is in honor of the great American botanist, Thomas Nuttall (1786-1859), who did much to inform the world of the beauty of this gem of the American desert.

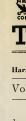
The common name "sego" is of Indian origin and should be pronounced sego and not sago, as one often hears. It was from the Indian that the Mormon pioneers learned of the great value of the sego as an article of food and indeed this plant often served in these famine years of the early settlement of Utah as manna from heaven.

The sego is strictly a western genus, there being about thirty species, and our state flower ranges from the Black Hills of South Dakota to New Mexico, and westward to California. California is particularly rich in species of Calochortus. There these flowers are known as Mariposa lilies.

The sego lily was selected as and declared to be the state flower of Utah, March 18, 1911. It was the popular choice of the school children throughout the state, who recognized in this flower an object of rare beauty common to every sagebrush hill of the state and at the same time a plant that lent strength to determined souls dedicated to the task of empire building.

A description of the sego lily should be as superfluous to a child of the desert as a word picture of a western sunset. To every son of a pioneer it is something sacred, a living emblem of purity and strength.





#### THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Heber J. Grant, Editor

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#### MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

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"ENTERING THE VALLEY," BY J. B. FAIRBANKS

B. FAIRBANKS, probably the oldest living Utah artist, was born in Payson, Utah, December 27, 1855. In

those days Payson was a village of a few houses on

the edge of the Indian country.

Very early in life J. B. manifested a love of art and music. He recounts that among his mother's prized possessions were two pictures—a steel engraving of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" and a print of the home of a grandmother in Massachusetts. These pictures he used to look at every opportunity he had as they were stored away in a trunk. His handling of them wore them to such an extent that his mother decided they would be safer on the wall, so to the delight of the children, they were brought out and placed where all could see.

When J. L. Townsend went to Payson as teacher in public schools, he did all he could to encourage the interest of young Fairbanks in drawing and art. Mr. Townsend also gave some instructions in drawing.

When young Johnnie Fairbanks was eighteen, the master, John Hafen, moved to Payson and established a studio. Fairbanks, a baseball enthusiast, visited the studio and beheld Hafen at work. After that baseball was forgotten and painting became the boy's ambition. One day while at the studio a controversy arose over a drawing and those interested went to Hafen for advice. Mr. Hafen decided the question in Fairbanks' favor to the boy's great delight. Then Mr. Hafen turned to him. "Johnnie," said he, "I want you to paint a picture."

J. B. pondered that in his mind. Secretly he set about copying a picture of a Welsh castle. When it was finished he brought it out. It was so well done that he had a hard time convincing his mother that it was his. When she finally believed, she threw her arms around the young man's neck and as the tears streamed down her cheeks, cried: "John, you are an artist."

Later J. B. Fairbanks, Loris Pratt, and John Hafen

#### Frontispiece

were selected by the Church to go to Paris to study art in order that they might serve as decorators of the various temples that

were under contemplation. They entered the Academy Julean in 1890, where they studied under Jules Levebru, Benjamin Constant, and Jean Paul Lawrence. J. B. studied landscape painting one summer under one of the most famous artists in Paris. When he showed his landscape work to Benjamin Constant, the teacher said: "If you are going to be a landscape painter there is no need for you to go to school any more—guard against getting in a rut and you will succeed."

Since that time art has filled the life of the pioneer artist who has produced pioneer scenes of beauty and strength. His wheat fields and harvest scenes are many and varied. In them he has caught the genius of the early Utah farm. He has also many canvases like the one produced here depicting early pioneer scenes.

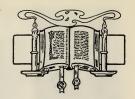
Probably due to that early love for the engraving in the possession of his mother, he has produced a magnificent copy of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." This fine canvas was copied from the original while he was in Paris. It now hangs in the offices of the City Commission in Provo, Utah, and is worth anybody's effort to see. The writer has seen the original and yet he is able to enjoy again the thrill of the fine work from this copy by Fairbanks.

Mr. Fairbanks is important to the art world in another way. He has produced some artist sons who are carrying on the art tradition. Avard Fairbanks, sculptor and teacher, and J. Leo Fairbanks, painter and teacher, did the art work for the Church exhibit at the Century of Progress World's Fair Exposition in Chicago and both have done some fine things. Some of Avard's sculptored figures have won national acclaim.

J. B. Fairbanks is of the early painters of Utah, but he is still producing. The gold of the harvest, the green of the sage, the love of this great western land are all in his many works.—H. R. M.

#### GREATNESS IN MEN

This story of one who loved Jesus with his whole heart will be appreciated everywhere, but it will be enjoyed most by those who have come in contact personally with this man of strength and power. Here is one who "loved his fellow men" and has been greatly blessed for it—blessed with the love of all who know him.



## CHARLES A. CALLIS

By BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

PVERY chivalrous heart delights to honor those who conquer the "malice of their fate" through the power of consecrated endeavor.

For a man whose worldly inheritance was poverty, whose school days were spent in a coal mine, whose text books were heavy tools, whose daily task was to win bread for his widowed mother-to conquer these adverse conditions and to serve with distinction as a state legislator, to qualify for the bar and to succeed as a lawyer, to preach with persuasion and eloquence at home and abroad the revealed gospel of the Master, to preside for twenty-five years over one of the great Missions of the Church, to inspire the lives and direct the activities of thousands of missionaries and finally to be called to the apostleship is an achievement that challenges the admiration of young and old.

To do this requires not only ability of an unusual order but an unconquerable will and the capacity for prolonged and concentrated effort.

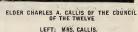
Charles A. Callis is a self made man in the literal meaning of these words. His broad shoulders and strong hands bear indisputable evidence that he has been on intimate terms with hard work, that he has known first-handed just what the laboring man pays in terms of toil for his daily bread. He speaks with a full and sympathetic understanding the language of the laborer.

The school of experience

through which he has passed has given him an intimate understanding of the plain people and an insight into their problems that few public men have. A man who has worked in a coal mine for twelve hours a day for \$2.50 knows the value of a



For the better part of fifteen years Charles A. Callis worked in the mines at Coalville, Summit County, Utah. He knows what it is to come from the pit after a long, hard day and wash the dust and grime from his face, only to repeat it day after day.



THERE may be young men who think the door of opportunity is closed, that there is no chance for them. Not so. Charles A. Callis spent the impressionable years of his life in work that offered little opportunity for growth and culture. Today he stands unabashed in any presence, at home in any society. How did he do it? It is the same dramatic and inspiring story of strong men rising from humble surroundings to eminence. The best friend a young man has is not comfort, but the stimulus and challenge that comes from a hard environment, opposition to which awakens his



slumbering powers and

reveals his hidden re-

sources. The strong-

her children, moved to Liverpool, where

Charles was baptized

and confirmed a mem-

ber of the Church

when he was eight

the family, consisting

of the mother, two

sons and two daugh-

ters, left England for

Two years later

years of age.

often breed failure.

child.

est men have not come from cush-

ioned lives. Soft surroundings

called, was born in Dublin, Ireland,

May 4, 1865, son of John and Charlotte Quilliam Callis. His

father died when Charles was a

'Charlie," as he is familiarly

CHARLES A. CALLIS AT AGE OF 20. GRACE E. PACK AT AGE OF 21 BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.



in maintaining an organization at Echo, which is located the canyon down from Coalville. He had no conveyance, this was prior to the days of the automobile, but before he would allow that association to fail he walked down and back, a distance of ten miles, once each week,

giving the lessons and conducting the meeting. Failure is not written in the lexicon of Charles A. Callis.

IN September, 1902, he married Grace E. Pack, an experienced and successful school teacher, who is a woman of sound judgment, of

superior intellectual endowments, of rare patience and sweetness of character, who knows how to comfort and encourage a missionary boy far from home.

She has been a constant support and inspiration to her husband in the discharge of his arduous and responsible duties as president of the Mission. She was president of the Relief Society of the Mission for twenty-five years.

This union has been blessed with eight children: Grace (Mrs. Paul Summerhays); Kathleen (Mrs. Spencer A. Larson); Charles Albert and Nephi Quilliam (twins. deceased); Josephine (Mrs. Irwin Spillsbury); Laura; Paul John,

In 1896 he was elected a member of the state legislature from Summit County. This was a historic session. In those days United States senators were elected by the

> state legislature. During this session the contest for the senatorship developed one of the bitterest political fights ever waged in the State of Utah. Fifty-three ballots were cast before a choice was made. There were times when the transfer of two votes would have elected the leading candidate. The most powerful and relentless pressure was brought to bear upon Representative Callis, who could neither be intrigued nor coerced to cast his vote against

his convictions. This contest was so bitter and the influences em-



THE CALLIS FAMILY WHEN THEY WENT SOUTH, 1906. THE CHILDREN ARE GRACE AT RIGHT AND KATHLEEN IN CENTER.

Utah. They sailed in the S. S. Dekota, traveling third class "because," as he smilingly observed, "there was no fourth class.' Their coming was made possible through the Perpetual

Emigration Funda plan adopted by the Church for assisting people to emigrate to this country.

The Callis family settled first in Bountiful, Davis County, three years later moving to Coalville, Summit County, where Charles made his home until he went to the Southern States on a mission.

In 1893 he was called on a mission to England and while there was made president of the Irish conference. On his return he served as stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. in Summit stake for nine years. In this service he displayed the qualities of a real leader. Cheerful but determined he faced every obstacle. During one winter he experienced difficulty





ployed were so powerful as to test out the moral fiber of every member of the legislature. When these powerful influences concentrated their efforts upon Charles A. Callis they discovered no weak spots. He is sound to the core.

Many of his influential constituents were disappointed in the stand which he had taken with reference to the United States senator and he went from the legislature with the impression that his political career was ended, but solaced with the satisfaction that his conscience was clear, that he had followed without wavering the light of his best judgment. His rugged hon-

esty and his unvielding integrity won the confidence of friend and foe. Men who could not control his vote developed a wholesome respect for his

integrity.

In the representative from Summit County the miners of Utah had a friend. One of Charles A. Callis' first efforts as a legislator was to provide protection for miners and to safeguard their interests. He was instrumental in securing the passage of three measures which have been of practical and permanent value to all coal miners:

The first provided for an examining board which was authorized to grant certificates to those who proved their fitness for the duties of mining

The second provided that where miners are paid by weight suitable scales should be furnished and the coal weighed at the mine so that any subsequent loss or waste was not charged against the men; and the third, that emergency supplies, including stretchers, blankets, first aid material, etc., should be accessible at every mine where five or more miners were employed.

These measures have resulted in saving the lives of many workmen and in adding thousands of dollars to their earnings.

Soon after the adjournment of the legislature, at the solicitation of prominent men in Park City who had watched with interest the career of Charles A. Callis, he ran for County attorney and was elected. He had no academic training, little or no knowledge of the law, in fact no technical preparation for a position of this kind.

NOW we get a glimpse of the real man, a revelation of the forces that have made him. He resolutely made up his mind to qualify for his new job. A gigantic undertaking but, without hesitation and in the face of the most stubborn

and discouraging circumstances, he took up the task.

Among his friends was Joseph L. Rawlings, one of the ablest and best trained attorneys in the State of Utah, who mapped out with care a course of study for the newly Following this elected officer, outline Charles Callis made arrangement with the County attorney of Salt Lake County to spend whatever time he could in that office studying procedure under the Utah Statutes. In addition to

and went to work and he worked In eleven months thereafter he

as few men can work.

this he secured the necessary books

took the state bar examination. He describes with emotion his impressions and experiences of that eventful day. There were college graduates and men of experience and legal learning all there for examination. Elder Callis felt keenly his handicaps and approached the task with humility and misgivings. To the surprise of the examiners, of himself, and of his friends he made a brilliant showing and passed the examination with distinct credit -in fact he was the only one who received the unanimous vote of the examining board. This was a major achievement.

He was now a fullfledged lawyer and for six vears served Summit County with distinction as its prosecuting attorney. During his law practice he won the confidence of his associates at the bar, of the judges on the bench, of his clients

and of the people.
In 1906 he was called to the Southern States Mission and, on the retirement of Ben E. Rich, became president of that Mission, where he remained for a quarter of a century.

AS a missionary and as a Mission president he was pre-eminently successful. The reason for this is easy to discover when you know the man.

(Continued on page 435)



#### GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY

By William Thompson

GRANDMA'S here to visit
And we hope she'll always stay She is so kind and gentle And just sixty-five today. We gave her lovely flowers And listened to her tales About an old Professor Who taught a school of whales. She always says a little prayer That God will keep us good,-Of course, sometimes it's very hard To do just as we should. To be as good as Grandma And loved by everyone, And have so many birthdays, Would be such jolly fun.

# TURQUOISE



There was more than enough! For days the woman had been hugging to her heart the secret knowledge that she had only to send the order now, or better yet, wait until she went to town to be able to see, to touch, to buy it!

All her life the woman had

All her life the woman had wanted a silk dress, one of lustrous turquoise-colored taffeta. She

had seen the fabric on her first trip to town, a round-eyed, eager fouryear-old. "Oh, Ma," she had gasped, "can I have a dress of that?"

"Hush" her mother admonished, but the customer examining the silk had held it up before her adoring eyes and said kindly, "You are too little for this now. When you get to be a big girl you can have pretty things like this." "When you get to be a big girl you can have pretty things like this"—it had rung through her dreams and had been the substance of her hopes for forty years. And she had never had it.

Through her girlhood she had dreamed that perhaps her wedding dress—but the soft gray mohair, with touches of lace and ribbon, which was beautiful as well as

# TAFFETA



practical, had been so much more suitable. She had married a good man, thrifty and just, but hard, and he handled all the money for his household. The woman accepted this fact without resentment, but the coins which occasionally found their way into her hands she secretly saved for the dress. She had started saving them in her bridal days, putting the coins into a box under the prim white teatowels in a cupboard drawer, in a candy box with a cover as bright and gay as her hopes.

Twice during the long years, she had emptied the box, both times for her daughter, Fanny. The first time she had used the money to buy a white muff with little black bears' heads on it which Fanny had wanted with all her eager childish The second time had been when Fanny finished the eighth grade and was chosen to give the valedictory at the county graduation exercises.

All her classmates, inappropriately enough, had chosen to wear white satin beaded pumps, which Fanny's father had felt he could not afford to get for his daughter. The child's disappointment had been so real and so bitter that when they had gone to the county seat the day of graduation the woman had bought the slippers. As they had passed the silk counter in the big store something almost like a sob had escaped the woman, but Fanny had not noticed in her joy in possessing the desired footwear, with more and shinier beads on their satin vamps than any she had seen. She had been a little ashamed when in the place of a coin purse, her mother had counted out the money from a pasteboard box, its once bright cover faded and shabby.

Refilling the box each time had been a heartbreaking task. The woman had been resolute, however, and kept the box in the cupboard, adding to it when she could. At last she had succeeded. There was enough.

With warning sharpness, her mind focused on the conversation about her. ''Pa," Fanny was say-ing as she helped 'side-up' the sup-per dishes, ''don't you think it would be nice if I could teach next year?"

Her father only grunted.

"I could get this school out here so I'd be home to help Ma evenings and I'd get sixty dollars a

"You can't teach with just a high school certificate.'

"If I went to the A. C. to summer school this term I could.'

"That's out of the question. You don't need to teach, anyway.'

"But I want to! I want to support myself and do things. I don't want to be tied down to a desolate old farm like Ma. Please Pa, it would take only fifty dollars."

"I'd like to see you go to any summer school on fifty dollars!"

'Oh, yes, I could Pa. I've got a scholarship so I don't have to pay tuition and there's a lady down there who will give me my board and room if I help with the housework. Manda Smith stayed there last year. All I need is just a little money for my ticket and books and things like that. I could do it on less than fifty if I had to. Please

"You ought to stay home and help your Ma."

"Ma won't care if I go. Please Pa, just lend me the money."

'You know what prices are this year, Fanny. Fifty dollars looks as big as five hundred just now.'

Fanny was desperate. "I think you're awful! I just ask you to help me a little bit so I can earn my own way. After I have the scholarship and all I can't bear to give it up for a few extra dollars. It isn't fair! You never have given me things I've wanted!"

"You got a muff and some white

slippers that you wanted," cut in her mother tonelessly.

Yes, twice in my whole life, and see what other girls have. . Besides that wasn't Pa. He could let me go to college if he only would. If it was harness or binder twine he'd get the money quick enough." In a storm of tears she went to her room.

"I'm sorry," said her father, looking at the woman apologetically, "But you know we can't afford it," and he took his pipe and went out to the back step for his evening smoke.

THE woman went on clearing the table automatically. There was a resentful gleam in her eyes and her lips twitched nervously. She put the last dish away and started determinedly for the back door. The sound of sobbing cut through the summer stillness. The woman stopped suddenly. With a hopeless little sigh she turned and walked slowly across the room. Her head drooped dejectedly and her eyes were dry and dull with defeat.

Fanny was lying face downward on her bed and she did not move as her mother shuffled in.

"Fanny, could you do it on twenty-one dollars?"

The girl looked up quickly. Her mother laid a handful of coins and bills of small denomination on the faded quilt.

"Oh, yes," Fanny hardly could believe her eyes. "Can I go, then? Where did you get it, Ma?

"I've been saving it."

Fanny had never been so happy. "Oh, Ma, I'll pay it all back to you as soon as I get to teaching. It's wonderful of you, Ma."

"Never mind. I know what it means to you," said her mother.

"I'll phone for the Wells' to take me in to the train with them in the morning. Oh, Ma, I'm so happy!" and she danced into the parlor to telephone the good news to her friends.

The woman returned to the kitchen. From the cupboard drawer she took out the empty box, a catalogue with some of the pages marked, and a handful of samples. raveled and faded with age. Her hand shook a little as she lifted them, but she crossed to the stove and raised the lid steadily. One by one she dropped them in. There was a bustling roar, a flash of flame, and then just a heap of gray embers. She was too old for a gay color like turquoise, and she never went anywhere to wear a silk dress anyway. She went out and sat beside her husband on the step.

The sun had just set in such glory as only the bleak west-lands see. The harsh browns and yellows were muted by purple shadows and the western sky was flaming with gold and crimson. Even the stolid man was impressed. 'Pretty night," he commented.

The woman beside him was not looking at the sunset. She was gazing at a patch of deep, vivid blue sky overhead. "I love it," she said simply, and added softly to herself, "it looks like turquoise taffeta."

IHAT fall the woman drooped. Fanny noticed it when she came home from summer school. She had made a splendid record at school and that, coupled with the last minute resignation of the regular teacher had won her a position in the Canfield schools, a rare opportunity for an inexperienced teacher. "I almost wish I hadn't taken this school after all. she told her mother, "I think you

need me here."
"Nonsense," said her mother.
"It's wonderful to get a start in Canfield. We're right proud of

you, Fanny. Your Pa is too."
"I know," said Fanny, "it's just

his way, I guess.'

With the first snow flurry, the woman fell ill. Fanny, rushing home with a doctor and an ambulance, whisked her away to the Canfield hospital. Even then the man was totally unprepared for the telephone call, Fanny's voice shaking with worry and fear saying, "Come quick, Pa, Ma's dying." There was a dull silence. "Pa, Pa, I said-."

"I heard you. I'm coming."

Fanny met him at the hospital. "She doesn't seem to be making any fight to get well," she told him. She's listless. We must rouse her, make her want to recover. I've

brought the money she loaned me," she displayed a handful of bills. "Pa, what was it Ma always wanted; what was she always sav-

ing for?"
"Why, I didn't know that

"She kept it in an old candy box. I remember she bought my graduation slippers with it, and the summer school money took it all. If I knew what it was for I'd go buy it and take it to her but since I don't I've brought the money.

"Ma always had what she needed."

"Oh, of course it wasn't something she needed!"

The nurse beckoned them and they entered the quiet, sunny room. The woman opened her eyes, but gave no other sign of welcome. Fanny spread out the money on the bed. "See, Ma, here's the money you loaned me. You must get well

right away and spend it."
"You keep it," the words were little more than a whisper, "for

your marriage."
"Marriage," exclaimed Fanny with suppressed violence, "As if I'd marry!" She looked at her father. "You try," her eyes commanded.

The man cleared his throat. He moistened his lips with his tongue. "Sure need you on the ranch, Ma. Them turkeys, now-" he realized from Fanny's horrified expression that he was doing very badly, but a light that was almost a smile,

#### A Tree and I By William Sukes

I STOOD one day beneath a tree. Thought I, What fools we mortals be. To struggle on through grief and pain, And search for happiness in vain. This tree which stands so straight and tall, It suffers not nor fears a fall. With lifted arms it stands for years. And does not see my foolish tears.

Still sad at heart I went away Thought I, In distant lands I'll stay Til time has played its promised part And healed me of my aching heart. But love like mine could never die As long as hope still hovered nigh. And though I cried that hope was gone Twas all in vain, love lingered on.

So home I came and found that she Had suffered too, because of me. How strange that in one fond caress I found a world of happiness! With change of heart I stood once more Beneath the tree I viewed before. How sad, thought I, with sympathy, I pity now this lonely tree.

flickered for an instant on the woman's face.

"All right, Pa," she said.

The doctor told them that evening the crisis was passed. Next morning the patient was holding her own and continued to rest easy throughout the long day. By the next day the improvement though slight was definite and the man returned to his home.

He kept remembering the things Fanny had said, her passionate, "As if I'd marry." She must think Ma had had a hard time. Surely he had been a good husband. He had meant to be. They hadn't had much luxury but they had always had what they needed. Yet how scornfully Fanny had exclaimed, "of course it wasn't something she needed!" Fanny was young; she always wanted some foolish bauble, but Ma was sensible. She knew the value of a dollar and what it meant in hard work. Frugality and hard work had put them where they were, land free from debt and enough savings to pay all these hospital bills. Ma never complained or asked for foolish things. It was just another notion of Fanny's. He would brush his hands across his eyes and dismiss the whole matter, but it would return. He kept seeing Fanny's scorn, hearing her voice. Sometimes he stopped working and stood for minutes at a time, a bewilderment shining in his eyes.

IT was a long, lonely time for the man, but finally the day came for the woman's return. She seemed in fine spirits. Pa," she greeted him, "Fanny had my coat made over with a new fur collar. It's just like a new Offe-

"And we're going shopping," announced Fanny. "I'm going to buy Ma a silk dress and a new hat. If you want to make a contribution, Pa, we could get new shoes too."

The man produced a five dollar bill.

"Oh, we won't need that much for shoes," said the woman.

'Never mind," said Fanny gaily, "there won't be any change.

There was though, and the woman returned it to him when she displayed the purchases-new hat, new shoes, a silk dress of heavy blue crepe.

(Continued on page 436)

## INTERNATIONAL

## CONFERENCES



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., A DELEGATE FROM THE UNITED STATES

#### PART III

N the day following the "inaugural session" the First Plenary Session of the Conference was held in the same place with the same machinery of publicity, press men, "movies," "talkies," camera men. Now the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Uruguay, Dr. A. Mane, took his place in the presiding officer's chair and delivered his speech of welcome to the delegates representing the sovereign countries so present at the Conference. When Dr. Mane finished his address the Secretary of State of the United States arose and moved that His Excellency, Sr. Dr. Alberta Mane, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Uruguay, should be the President of the Conference. This was put to a vote by the gentleman up to that time acting as Secretary of the Conference, and carried.

Under the parliamentary prodefeure obtaining in such Conferences, the presiding officer of the Conference specifies the main Committees or Commissions and names the chairmen thereof. The ordinary method followed to do this is as follows: the President of the Conference announces that, unless there be objection, such-and-such a committee will be formed, with

# The Why and the How By PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

In this, the third and concluding installment of the interesting discussion of "International Conferences," President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., takes the readers of the "Era" behind the scenes and acquaints them with the mechanics of managing and participating in these august gatherings. From the glimpses given we get a very good idea as to what such words as diplomacy and politics really mean.

such-and-such jurisdiction and duties, and that so-and-so will be the chairman thereof. He pauses, very momentarily, and then completes the announcement with the statement that no objection being heard, it is so ordered. The objecting delegate would need to be indeed "fast on his feet" if he beat the presiding officer in his announcing. This procedure is followed until the Conference is fully organized. The President then names the hours and places of meeting of the various committees so formed by him.

When the different commissions or committees meet, their respective chairmen proceed just as the President of the Conference proceeded. He specifies the subcommissions or subcommittees to be organized, defines the jurisdiction of each, and designates the membership of each by States (not by individuals). For example, he announces that the committee will be composed of delegates from the United States, Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil, Mexico and Haiti, and that its jurisdiction, duties and functions will be those which he names. It is left for the head of each delegation from each country so named to designate the particular national delegate who shall serve on each particular sub-

At Montevideo the subcommittees were sometimes formally organized; others did their work by informal conferences with no one in charge. Where formally organized, a subcommittee would have a chairman and a Ponente, (the French call him the Rapporteur). When they perform their functions fully, the Ponente is the most powerful man in any subcommittee or commission; for it is his duty and right to listen to the various discussions and proposals that take place and that come before the committee or subcommittee, and then to draw what he considers to be the conclusions reached as a result of the committee's discussions. In theory and practice, the report of the Ponente is rarely changed, so it is quite within his power really to determine what the action of the committee shall be.

AS the foregoing shows, the plan works this way. The President of the Conference creates the committees, defines their work and jurisdiction, and appoints their respective chairmen, without really consulting the Conference. The chairmen of the various committees divide the work of their respective committees among subcommittees, which they create, specifying their work and their jurisdiction, and



LAST PLENARY SESSION OF CONFERENCE

naming their chairmen; while the chairmen of the subcommittees name the Ponentes, whose powers are as indicated above. Thus any president so minded can completely dominate the work of every subcommittee and committee of the Conference. This was not done at Montevideo, but the American delegation to the Second Hague Conference (1907) complained bitterly of the autocratic procedure used there. Furthermore, in European conferences, where the conference is called by one power, and held in the capital of another, it has by courtesy been frequently considered desirable that the presidency of the conference should go to the nation calling it. It has been suspected that in some cases at least, a nation, seeing the drift of international opinion and that a conference would be called (perhaps in relation to matters it would really have preferred not to discuss), has itself called the conference in order that under the foregoing procedure it should be able to direct the deliberation of the conference and control its action.

The work of a conference organized as outlined above is about as follows:

The subcommittee, to which is assigned any given subject, investigates, discusses the subject or subjects assigned to it, using a Ponente, if it wishes, for the formulation of the results. It reports its conclusions to the full committee, (of

which it is a subcommittee) in a plenary session of that committee. The full committee in turn receives the report, considers it, debates it, and adopts, amends, or rejects it. The committee then takes the matter to the full Conference in plenary session, which in turn (after discussion) rejects, amends or adopts it.

The final work of the Conference frequently takes the form of declarations, resolutions, votes of thanks, conventions and treaties. A part or all of these may be embodied in a Final Act of the Conference, which is signed by the powers at the end of the Conference. Provision is usually made that any powers not attending or not signing at the closing of the Conference, may sign or "adhere" later.

It frequently happens that, for one reason or another, some power may not approve of all or of part of a declaration, resolution, or treaty adopted by the Conference. In such cases, such a power usually makes a declaration or "reservation" setting out its position, and it may do this, first, when the matter comes before the subcommittee for action, next when it is submitted to the committee, and lastly when the matter comes before the whole Conference. Furthermore, the signature by that power of the Final Act, or of the treaty, will normally be accompanied by a formal statement, made a part of

the formal record, of its objections or "reservations" to the instrument involved.

THERE should be mentioned here, another committee not ordinarily falling within the work outlined in the Agenda, which at Montevideo was called the Committee on Initiatives, or, in our parlance, a "steering committee." This committee is made up of the Chiefs of Delegations. Its work is to eliminate proposals it is not desirable to bring before the Conference, to delimit other matters that should go to the Conference, but only when so delimited, and to shape broad lines of policy for the work of the Conference, indeed, "to steer" the Conference. At the Montevideo Conference this committee on more than one occasion saved the Conference, particularly on the side of its international economic work, for one of the powers had brought forward a plan which, if pushed, might have proved an insurmountable obstacle to the successful completion of the other work of the Conference.

All conferences have their great dramatic moments. The Montevideo Conference had at least three, two related to the war in the Chaco, between Bolivia and Paraguay, and the other involved the United States

The war in the Chaco has been going on for several years. Ef-

forts to stop it, by the United States alone, by the United States and other American powers, and by the League of Nations, had been unsuccessful. It was waging at the very doors of the Conference. Secretary Hull determined wisely and humanly, that something must be done to end it. Beginning with a statement as the delegation touched at Rio de Janeiro (Brazil) on its way south, and continuing during the early days of the Conference, Secretary Hull pressed forward a relentless campaign for peace in the Chaco. As a result of persistent and increasing pressure, led by the Secretary, the two belligerents signed, in the third week of the Conference, an armistice to last till the first of the year. The Conference appointed a special subcommittee of the First Commission to deal with the Chaco problem.

At the first plenary meeting of the First Commission—presided over by the Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Cruchaga after the signing of the armistice, a flood of fervid, congratulatory, and grateful oratory burst forth that would be difficult to match. As

this was an ordinary meeting of the First Commission, this outburst had not been anticipated and so "the big shots" were not in attendance. Indeed, so unexpected was it that the head of the Paraguayan delegation. Dr. Justo Pastor Benites, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Paraguay, was not in attendance at the meeting, and did not arrive until many had

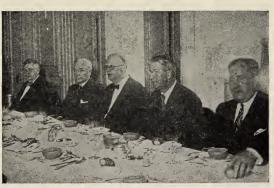
spoken, including the head of the Bolivian delegation, Dr. Casto Rojas. The Paraguayan took the floor almost immediately after he entered the chamber and delivered an impassioned, though tempered, oration that left many of his hearers in tears, and that will never be forgotten by anyone who heard it.

In the course of his oration, he paid a tribute to Bolivia that brought Dr. Rojas again to his feet in an appreciative reply.

The occasion brought the repre-

sentatives of the press streaming into the chamber and filled the galleries with spectators.

A SECOND dramatic afternoon marked the discussion before a plenary session of the Second Commission, when the subcommittee charged with the matter gave its report on the "Rights and Duties of States." This report—in the form of a draft convention-was obviously aimed at the United States and its policy of attempted and intended helpfulness in the region of the Caribbean. For two hours the delegation of the United States sat and listened to an outburst of criticism, some misrepresentation, and much misinterpretation, which probably no member of the American delegation would seek to pass through again. The criticism came principally from the small Caribbean states. One of the American delegates observed to the head of the Latin American delegation, on the evening of the same day, that this had been one of the great days in history, a unique day, for it was the first time in history that any great power had sat,



DELEGATES TO THE CONFERENCE J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., EXTREME LEFT

without reply or expressed protest or resentment, and listened to such a welter of critical attack from a group of small states, one of whom owed its very existence to the power under attack, and any one of which or all of them together the power attacked could have crushed as a fly. The American delegate further observed that a hundred years ago that day would have meant war.

THE third great dramatic incident of the Conference also concerned the Chaco situation. It came almost at the end of the Conference. The armistice between Bolivia and Paraguay was about to expire; no progress had been made towards peace; the Bolivians were accusing the Paraguayans of bad faith and breach of the armistice; the Paraguayans had evidently the upper hand in the operations, and their army, a long way from home, apparently unwilling to be robbed of the fruits of victory, were seemingly somewhat out of hand of the Paraguayan Gov-ernment; the Paraguayan delegation was just a bit on the defensive; the bitter hatred, born of years of war, were flaring up into flames from the embers only partly put out by the armistice; the committee of the League of Nations, which had been on the ground making a study, was in Montevideo and cooperating with the Conference in an effort to have the armistice extended and peace made. The maximum moral pressure of the whole western hemisphere, and indeed of the whole organized world

through the League of Nations, was being brought to bear upon two tiny belligerents to bring an end of what the world believed was an unnecessary and therefore criminal conflict. But there were some whispers passing around that two of the principal powers at the Conference were furtively and secretly discouraging peace and fomenting trouble. because

their prestige could not tolerate that peace should be made in Montevideo, and not in one of their capitals. Others must not succeed where they had failed.

Accordingly a plenary session of the Conference had been called to receive the Committee of the League of Nations and hear from it a report.

The Chamber was again ablaze with brilliant lights, the "movies" and "talkies" were there, the cam-

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CHARLES NIBLEY IN HIS FIRST SUIT OF CLOTHES.
THEY WERE WOVEN BY HIS MOTHER

POR several years past whenever I have told my children incidents of my childhood or early life, which seemed interesting to them, they have often requested that I write them down that they might preserve them. I have delayed long in doing this, chiefly for the reason that there is so little to record that, to me, seems worth preserving. Yet to the children and their children after them, there is nothing more interesting than the incidents of years long gone by.

I was born in the little coal mining village of Hunterfield, some eight miles south of Edinburgh, Scotland, on the fifth day of February, 1849.

My father's name was James Nibley. He was born near Hunterfield about the year 1810, but he himself did not know the exact day of his birth. Of my father's family I know but little. He came from an old Scotch family whose genealogy is traced in the Edinburgh records for two or three hundred years back. They were farmers or what the Scotch called "portainers" which in some way pertained to the land. Whether this implied an interest in the land I do not know but they were farmers in the neighborhood of Ephinstone, Scotland, for generations back. My father, himself, was a coal miner and had been one for years before I was born. He was

# Reminiscences of CHARLES W.NIBLEY

A man who has risen above the crowd, attained success in many lines and yet has remained true to all the best in his own idealism has many lessons to teach others. Such a man was Charles W. Nibley, late counselor to President Heber J. Grant; and such lessons are woven into the memoirs left by him at his death in December, 1931. No member of the Church to which President Nibley gave such great measure of loving service could fail to enjoy the autobiographical glimpses of the boy who was later to be the man. It is impossible to publish the entire work, much of which was written primarily for his family, but permission to print the section covering early years and those at Wellsville has been given, and it is with grateful pride that this magazine presents to its readers excerpts from the journal of a great man.—Eds.

rather tall and raw boned, prominent nose and high cheek bones. His eyes were of pure blue. I should say he was about five feet ten inches tall and would weigh about 165 pounds. He walked with a certain stoop or bend from the lower part of the back, not round shouldered at all, but bent in that way. This, I suppose, in consequence of bending so much while he was at work in the coal mines. His hair was dark brown and very curly.

Of education he had not at all. Could read a little and write imperfectly but he had a vein of humor and dry Scotch wit, keen and incisive, almost sarcastic at times and yet delivered in such a droll way, not intended to be sarcastic at all, but which sometimes cut like a two-edged sword. He was a plodder at his work. Was what the Scotch call a "cannymon": inoffensive, quiet, unobtrusive anywhere, but a constant worker, plod-

ding quietly along. He was content with little and never aspired to have much or to be much of anything—a quiet, God-fearing, hard working, inoffensive man.

I have diligently searched for all the direct line ancestry of the Nibleys, and have not been very successful in finding many of them in the Scotch records. However, all that I have found I have had the work done for in the temple, yet there must be many more whose names will doubtless be recovered in years to come, and I hope my children will see to it that the temple work is done for all relatives not yet discovered.

MY mother was born in the neighborhood of Musseburgh on the 18th of June, 1815. Her maiden name was Jean Wilson. Her mother was a Chalmers. My mother was different from my father in that she was all energy and push and never seemed to tire

of working and scheming to get on in the world. Withal she had pure Scotch thrift and prudence and could save a little money where most other people would almost starve. She was the manager of the family. She had a very strong constitution, well built, though not tall-built for work, and she did work all the days of her life. As a girl, I have heard her tell that she worked in the coal mines before the law prohibited women from doing that class of work. She, with other women or girls, would carry coal on their backs in baskets 'creels" as they called them, from down in the pit up an incline to the pit head. It is inconceivable to us at this day to think of a woman being permitted or obliged to do that kind of work, but the world has moved on rapidly since those days. My mother had brown eyes, brown hair, although she was gray at a very early age. She was more of a religious temperament than my father, although he had a vein of true piety running through him, but not of the strong Presbyterian type.

Life was a serious thing with her, an almost desperate thing, in which she had no time for levity or play, but only for work and for prayers and other religious activities. She was denied the consolation of even knowing a tune, could not even hum snatches of tunes as she rocked her children to sleep: never could in all her life tell one tune from another, while on the other hand my father was fond of music and song. But for sagacity and thrift my mother was the savior of the family. It was a stern, hard life they had to liveone of unremitting toil and penury but they struggled on never faltering and made the best of it.

It was in the spring of the year 1844 when they had three children, Mary, James and Margaret, that an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Henry McEwan by name, (the father of the numerous McEwans who live in Salt Lake City and Provo at this time, 1912), came to Hunterfield to deliver his message of glad tidings. He preached on the green near the little house that my parents lived in, a house by the way which most of my children have been over to see and take photographs of because I was born in it five years after 1844. My mother had been brought up a Presbyterian

but could not feel entirely satisfied with that religion. She, therefore, joined the Baptists as being more nearly to her way of thinking but still there was an unsatisfied something in her soul and she afterwards quit the Baptist Church and connected herself with the Congregational Society. She attended this meeting on the green, stood and listened to Elder McEwan's sermon and drank it all in as though it were living water which was springing up unto everlasting life. In fact she declared many a time and oft that for the first time in all her life her soul was satisfied and she was converted, thoroughly converted by that first sermon. After the meeting was over she went directly to Elder McEwan and asked to be baptized. It all seemed so plain and simple to her, the plan that he had outlined, that without hesitating a moment she wished to become a member of the Church by baptism. He asked her if she had heard of the Mormon people and if she had read any of their works. She answered that she had never once heard of them until that day where she stood through the meeting holding her baby, Margaret, who was about a year old, in her arms during the entire meeting. He stated that he thought it would not be wise for her to be baptized just then but that he would leave some of his tracts with her and she could read them over and study the subject carefully and pray about it also. He stated that if she was of the same opinion when he came back the next Sabbath he would baptize her. She was disappointed in being put off in this way. She wanted to be baptized then and there and stated after, that she felt a dread to think that if she should die before the next Sunday and had not received baptism she would surely be lost.

DURING the week she read the tracts and was more and more convinced and converted to the truth of the message that the elder delivered. She was so anxious that my father might join in her way of thinking and receive the Gospel too, and yet she was fearful that he might say no and take stand against it, that she hardly knew how stealthily or cunningly to lay the matter before him, for she said, if he did say no, she knew no power would ever be able to turn him.

Consequently she was full of anxiety to get the matter properly presented to him. So when he would come home from his work in the mines while he was bathing, which consisted in merely washing the main part of the body, including the face and head, in a tub of water, she would read these tracts to him and make such observations concerning them in such a way as to try and catch him. To her joy and somewhat surprise also, she heard him say one evening when she asked "What do you think of all this," he answered, "Aye, but it is true." So the next Sunday when Elder McEwan came back they were both ready for baptism and were accordingly baptized.

Speaking of my father's Scotch faculty of not being able to change his mind, I have heard my mother tell that when he was a little boy he had been scolded for doing something or other and would be let off easy if he would only promise not to do it again. But he made up his mind that he would not promise. The man who was offended at him for something and trying to extract this promise from him, after much coaxing and laboring with him finally took him by the heels and threatened to throw him down an old pit that was close at hand, perhaps many hundred feet deep. The man actually took him and held him by the heels, his head down in the pit and told him, "Now I'll drop you down unless you promise you will never do it again." he never would make the promise, even though he were dropped to his death. So knowing his disposition in this respect she was more than over joved when she heard him give his assent to the truthfulness of Mormonism.

My parents had been members of the Church just about five years when I was born. My father was then president of the branch in that village and the meetings of the branch were held in our house. I have heard my mother say that I was a very puny and sickly child with little vitality and that she scarcely expected that I would pull through and live. Indeed I have heard her tell that when I was about two years of age my life was despaired of entirely and she had the grave clothes made already that in case I should die, they were ready for burial; to such an extent did this Scotch thrift show itself forth.

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# One Saturday

WAS all gooseflesh and shivering as I sat on the railing at the west end of our broad porch and watched the sun peep out from behind rolling, black clouds. Why would that sun begrudge me a little heat? Why wouldn't he look me in the face instead of flirting with me in that coquettish exasperating way? It had stopped raining now but was cold and wet. Inside, the stoves had all been taken down and relegated to the attic for the summer. The house for the last week had looked like the breaking up of winter. All the morning I had belonged to a picked division of Storm Troopers detailed to stuff gunny sacks up the chimneys of the grate fire places and scrape New York gum from under window sills and chair seats, stuck there by the girls both far and near.

Seventeen three-ply carpets had been taken up and beaten, one after the other on the clothes line, turned bright side up and holey side under the sofa (where mother was sure it would never show but it always did), and tacked down again over fresh-smelling straw. I loved house cleaning time because when the huge bookcases and chest of drawers were pushed out from the walls I could always find my china doll's foot or a button off Ann's charm string, or one of my crystal jacks, or some other lost treasure which had been buried there in a foot of dust for a whole year. I loved Conference time, too, which always followed right on the heels of spring house-cleaning. It was fun to sleep there in a bed on the parlor floor and swipe salt pickles out of a great jar in the cellar with Liz and Mattie Wilson.

Ma said it was funny how spring house-cleaning, a cold spring torrent, and Conference always managed to hit the trail at the same time and had a yearly merry-goround together every April. But the spring cleaning was the life of the party and just had to be over before Conference began, or so Ma said and Ma knew, being the Emily Post of the period and not guilty of any social errors like not being ready. And this was the last day before Conference. My mother had been up since daylight. She had spent the morning playing hop scotch over her own and other people's children, making a desperate effort to get through in time to take me to the Warm Springswhere we all went on Saturday to be par-boiled for Sunday whether we needed it or not.

Brother arnold with his hack and horses had been busy all day dashing up to the Springs (I say dashing, though Brother Arnold's hack was by no means a Roman Chariot for speed) with other members of Father's family—and was now sleepily waiting on Main Street for our But I knew Ma contingent. would never be through before the hack would be taken to the barn and I saw my chance for purification dwindling into the twilight and the new stationery tubs which had just been placed in the washhouse and had drain pipes but no taps. The water had to be carried from the pump near Aunt Louisa's back porch and heated in a big kettle hung in the fire place.

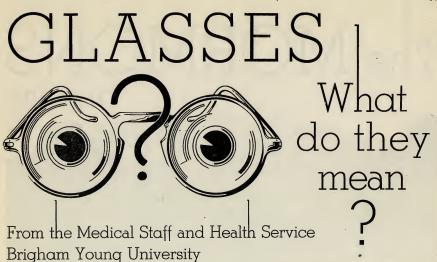
Some Indian squaws had set up heir tepee in the back yard and now I could see they were lighting a bonfire. There was such a crowd huddled around it that I knew I had no chance for a ringside seat, but I decided to go down, anyway. So I climbed over the railing, slid down the kitchen roof and ran across the yard. Around the corner of the house I could see that all the nations, kindred, tongues and peo-

ple had congregated on our two big porches. Among them and towering above the rest were twelve large Indian Chiefs with their blankets drawn tightly around their bodies—looking as straight and stately as the poplars at the south end of the lot.

The Indians loved my father for his square dealing and big gentleness of heart. Evidently, father had been abroad today and had invited every one he met on the street without regard to sex, age, sanity, profession, or strength of marriage ties, to come and have dinner with us. He was now shaking hands with them all and inviting them to stay all night.

INSIDE, the house was bulging with salt risin' bread, black currant pies, feather beds and country cousins. Everything seemed to be ready, everything scrubbed right down to the last fly speck. Through the open door I heard my mother in a languishing voice saying, "Yes-we are cold and a bit crowded-we have not much comfort today, but thank the good Lord we are clean. Then, I was suddenly seized by the hand and dragged in little jerks off to the wash house. My sister, detailed to bathe me, had been hunting me for an hour. She had salvaged an Indian papoose from the dampness of the wickiup and now had the delicate and wonderful intention of giving her a warm bath. She had wanted to put me in first, so I could have clean water, but now she was so cross because she couldn't find me, that she put me and the well-baked dirty little But she papoose in together. washed me first and let me jump out: I was to dry myself, while she did the papoose-but just then -something happened.

(Continued on page 446)



Eyes are precious organs, priceless in their value to the individual. How carefully we should guard them and bring to their aid—when they need it—helps which science has discovered for them. Read this instructive article by an expert upon whom you may rely.

YEGLASSES, at first called spectacles, are said to have been invented during the In 1482 Thirteenth Century. there were at Nuremberg skilled spectacle makers. The combinations produced at first were clumsy, awkward things to wear; and little improvement was evident until early in the Nineteenth Century, when lighter metal frames were introduced to replace the cumbrous horn or tortoiseshell mountings. Benjamin Franklin is said to have invented the bifocal lens, because he found his life a burden from the fact that, no matter what he wanted to look at, he always had the wrong pair of glasses on! Today, the making of eyeglasses is both a science and an art-a profession in which marvels are achieved to bless mankind with more perfect and lifelong vision.

Many laymen are afflicted by curious ideas regarding effects of glasses upon the eyes of those who wear them. Even otherwise intelligent people often fall into such error, and suffer consequent penalties in lessened vision.

Studies in human anatomy and physiology have shown that human eyes are subject to at least two variations in shape, which have to do with influencing our ability to see. In some the eyeball is shorter than normal, from before backward, which results in a condition called far-sightedness or hyperopia. Most babies at birth are somewhat far-sighted, but the condition is not normally extreme, and subsides as the child approaches its teens. In others the eyeball is elongated from before backward, giving nearsightedness or myopia, because of which the person, while able to see close things well, perceives distant objects only dimly.

Marked near-sightedness, or "long eyeball," is a serious condi-

tion in that it favors the occurrence of glaucoma, a disease which annually destroys vision in hundreds of eyes. There is also a tendency for this trouble to occur in succeeding generations of a given family. Where such is the case, it is not uncommon for one or more to develop what is known as malignant myopia, a progressive disease resulting in blindness, where uncared for. Excessive reading, especially if done under conditions of poor lighting, may bring myopia to growing children whose eyes were otherwise normal.

ALL near-sightedness tends to grow progressively worse, unless it is kept properly corrected by glasses. Along with this correction, one should also observe certain important rules of eye hygiene. Chief among these are:

- 1. Never read lying down. This imposes additional strain, and tends to stretch the eyeballs more.
  - 2. Never read in poor light.
- 3. Do as little close work—reading, etc.—as can consistently be managed. Boys and girls who are near-sighted should not be permitted to enter the study of law, of medicine, or of other professions where long hours of close work are demanded. (Continued on page 444)

# The MORMONS

and the



Photo by W. P. Cottam.

HAT have the mountains done for the Mormons? Has the destiny of the Church been magnified by the geographical location of Utah? Any theory of social causation must take into account the effect of environment upon the accomplishments of society. We call this geographic determinism—the direct and evident relationship between the actions of man and his surroundings.

The rigorous climate of the Northland carved the mental and physical characteristics of the Scandinavians, and the bleak hills of Palestine are sharply etched in the religious philosophy of the Hebrews. The settlement of the Mormons in Utah is the story of a people who changed the face of the desert, but in the process were themselves molded by the land.

For the Mormons there was a peculiar significance in the lure of the West. It was a fate forced upon them to be up and away. Only gradually, and at first from necessity, did they become afflicted with the fever of the age—"Go

"What have the mountains done for the Mormons?" asks Vesta Pierce Crawford, a native daughter of these valleys. You may not agree with her or—again—you may. We think you will like the article.

West!" But once the fever "took" there was no stopping it. In Nauvoo, when another exodus became imminent, literature describing the "savage lands" was the town's best selling commodity. Newsboys ran the length of Main Street triumphantly waving ragged pamphlets, and any voyager who had sailed the muddy Missouri or forded the Platte was given free "board and keep" at the Mansion House. The insistent voice of the forties was a virus so potent that agricultural Nauvoo became within a few weeks one vast wagon factory.

Mormon leaders had many times referred to a Promised Land where "Modern Israel" might find a rich inheritance. It was remembered that the Old Testament abounds

in allusions to the building up of Zion in the everlasting hills, and Joseph Smith had said that "the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains." The Prophet gave specific instructions for outfitting an exploring party which he intended to send into the West:

"Send twenty-five men. Let them preach the gospel wherever they go. Let that man go that can raise five hundred dollars, a good horse and a mule \* \* \* a saddle and a bridle, a pair of revolving pistols, a bowie knife and a good sabre. Appoint a leader and let him beat up for volunteers. I want every man that goes to be a king and a priest. When he gets to the mountains he may want to talk with his God."

THAT expedition was never assembled, but the prophecy came

#### By VESTA P. CRAWFORD

# MOUNTAINS

true, and for twenty-two years long trains of wagons creaked steadily over the plains. The travelers came with high hearted adventure, yet they came as Pilgrims, too, who marched to fulfill a foretold destiny. No doubt there was unavoidable mirth when an English weaver was asked to drive six wild oxen propelling a lumbering wagon over the mountains. And what is there of starker tragedy than the fate of the handcart companies who trudged that long way singing: "For Israel must be gathered soon and oxen are too slow?"

The events of the westward trek and the prophecies of a home in the mountains were preparatory stages to life in the valley. One pioneer upon his arrival in Utah remarked that he was in a mood for loving any "footstool" that meant a stopping place after his long walk from the Missouri River. The Mormons were prepared to love the new land, no matter what its promise, and that is most im-

portant since it formed the basis of an attitude that directed the destiny of the Church.

There has been much speculation regarding the particular part of the West chosen by the Latter-day Saint. Samuel Brannan, who in 1846 sailed around the Horn to the Golden Gate, later rode horseback over the Sierras and the Nevada Desert to tell Brigham Young the glories of California. But particularly after the discovery of gold at Sutter's Fort, the Mormons realized that the Pacific Coast, with its rapidly increasing and diverse population, was not the place for them. Their leader had referred the people to Isaiah, wherein it is said: "I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir.'

What would have happened to the Mormons if they had gone by a more northward route and settled in the cattle country of Montana? Obviously, in a land designated by nature for a scattered population engaged primarily in stock raising, the closely knit community life of the Mormons could not have developed as it has done in Utah. The soil and contour of the land determine the type of farming and hence the order of family and community life. The Utah village, with its clustered homes and surrounding fields was an ideal situation for the growth of a well disciplined family and an integrated social life.

What if the Mormons had traveled southward and cultivated the rich valleys of Colorado? There they would have been too near the highway of the plains. Dissimilarity is attendant upon remoteness, and the Mormon social order, in its early stages, could better expand without the influence, or even the example, of "Gentiles" in their midst. A student of geography has remarked that the location of

MONUMENT VALLEY

Photo by W. P. Cottam.





DANCING IN THE WOODS

South Pass in the Wyoming Rockies not only determined to a large extent the order of the development of the West but qualified and enlarged the destiny of the Mormons. The Rockies are young mountains, geologically speaking. Their skyline is lofty and irregular and passes are few. Theirs is a bold front and they are true barriers. It might be added that the position of the Wasatch canyons also determined which Utah valleys were to be settled first.

ONCE established, then, what was the effect of the mountains upon the Mormons? In the first place, and no doubt the first reaction, was a sense of security, of walled-in safety. It has been said that "rugged country is the friend of a brave people defending their homeland from conquest. The Greeks held the Persian hordes at Thermopolae because of the contour of the terrain. The Chinese are now taking advantage of it in defending Jehol against the Japanese aggressors."

The Mormons accepted the ramparts of the Rockies as a protecting wall. This was the first security they had ever known. It meant a period of respite from outside interference, and the importance of this factor in the development of a coherent social order cannot be overestimated. How could our Word of Wisdom, our ideas about marriage and divorce, our law of tithing, and the thought of the Church being of prime importance in our lives, have developed so well

in the face of long continued outside pressure. When an evergreen tree has attained its time of strength it no longer needs the aspen shade. But protection is good for young growth.

This sense of security was in no small measure due to the physical structure of the Wasatch Range -the cove-like Salt Lake Valley, with mountains on three sides, the protecting peaks, receiving the brunt of wind and storm. prairie dweller, looking out over level land to a flat horizon, sees far because his view is unobstructed. and yet he has such an intense realization of life's immensities that it is difficult for him to feel individual safety. But valley people, surrounded by high mountains, know the unique security of a shutin place.

The fringe of habitation followed the ranges of the Wasatch and there were bonds of harmony in the compactly organized villages with their surrounding fields and their roads stretching out to neighboring settlements. This physical aspect of unity strengthened the bonds of a common religion. In the immigrant trains were men and women of different races and varying culture. There were the Nauvoo Saints who had become accustomed to the moist greenness of the Mississippi Valley; there were eastern converts from the coast of New England; there were settlers from the British Isles and the Dutch lowlands. What a Tower of Babel it would have been without the influence of common religious ideals and the chain of mountains to hold the people close. A choir leader in

one of our southern towns once summarized this inner concord: "It's amazing how much music comes out of the desert. Our organist touches the chords of the hills and I beat out the rhythm of the mountains. It takes a mixture of Dutch and Danish, Swedish and Norwegian, German and English voices to make a real surge of music. The meeting house can't hold it all. You ought to hear my 'mixed' choir sing 'Thou hast (Continued on page 445)

......



## WATER»

SINGING down canyons and flashing down falls,
Free and unhampered, dumb thrall to no duty,
Wooing sylph ferns, spraying moss-covered walls,
Its reason for being beneficent beauty.
Going, swift flowing,
No rest ever knowing,
Down to where sea or some deep river calls.

Out of rough mountains, away from pine tree,
Swift sweeping current of hurrying river,
Proving its worth now in utility,
Goes with great logs to some mill to deliver;
Wending, wide bending,
Its cool waters blending
At last with tossed waves of blue ship-bearing sea.

Hoarded in ditches to moisten parched land,
Carefully tended with hopes high and eager,
Seeping so swiftly through thirst-bitten sand,
Tinging vast desert with greenness so meager!
Turning sands burning
And long moisture yearning
At length into gardens as hopeful hearts planned.

Water the plentiful, gift so benign,
Robing the bare earth in fruitfulness, beauty;

DESNET
Singing sea songs in high hills with the pine,
Then sweeping far plainward on mission of duty.
Glory threads story
From times famed and hoary,
A blessing to mankind that's truly divine.



Bu



## The KINGDOM

"Where is the Kingdom of God and how do we enter?" That is a question which we all have asked and which Judge Jensen, out of the store of his wisdom, makes answer.

LICE was just merging into her teens. She was commencing to feel the new inner surging urge to dance and play. But she had not yet been initiated into the group of boys and girls who were gleefully playing on the lawn this radiant summer evening. She stood a little apart and looked wistfully at the rhythmic swirl of the other girls and boys.

After a few moments the leader of the group called gleefully, "Come on Alice!" The invitation stimulated Alice's eagerness. With a slight touch of diffidence she accepted the invitation. For a little while she played rather mechanically. But in the zestful swing of the game, set to merry laughter, her heart commenced to beat faster. Soon the exhilarating spirit of the group took complete possession of her; and she lost her self-consciousness and became utterly oblivious to everything but the intoxicating joy of the game.

As the game increased in in-tensity Alice's heart danced in unison with the rhythm of the playful group. Her spirit was stirred into perfect rapport with everyone regardless of his or her apparel, size, looks, or peculiar mannerisms. In the thrilling swirl she recognized no outward marks of distinction that set apart any of the children as preferable to the others. In fact she was in perfect harmony with every one in the group.

It is a very commonplace incident. But like all simple things it gives us an infallible clue to the deepest things of life. The story portrays a unified society in the miniature. In it are all the basic elements of an organized group of sentient beings-organization, government and unity of spirit and purpose. In a way these children at play constitute a distinct realm, a kingdom-the kingdom of play.

This little kingdom of play has

two aspects, the individual and the institutional. Alice's personal enjoyment in the game was an individual affair. It was something within her. Her association with the group which made possible her inner joy was external. It was institutional. She entered the group by a kind of initiation. The one who could speak for the group invited her. She accepted the invitation and thus she was lawfully inducted. Without this legal in-



THE INVITATION STIMULATED ALICE'S EAGERNESS. WITH A SLIGHT TOUCH OF DIFFIDENCE SHE ACCEPTED THE INVITATION.

duction she would not have felt at home. She entered the outward or institutional kingdom of play when she was initiated. She entered the actual kingdom of play when the enlivened spirit of play was awakened within her. Moreover, when her heart commenced to beat in perfect unison with the play-spirit of the group, the kingdom of play

was "within her," to use New Testament terminology.

EVERY truly socialized group furnishes exemplification of these simple basic principles. A young man was debating with himself about entering college. While he was still undecided in his mind about the important step he visited a university. He found a chum performing some interesting experiments. The student was so engrossed in his eager pursuit of truth that he was almost oblivious to his surroundings. The wavering youth noticed the joyous zest that sent his friend in pursuit of new facts. He commenced to feel the inner urge of the real student. Before he left the campus he had selected his course and was registered. In a few days he became completely engrossed in the exalting pursuit of knowledge. This spirit drove him irresistibly onward in the pursuit of knowledge and skill.

When he registered he was lawfully inducted into the realm of the kingdom of learning. When the real spirit of truth-seeking took possession of him and completely dominated his aspirations the kingdom of learning was "within him."

This young man's experience in entering the "realm" of truth-seeking reveals the same basic elements of a harmonious social structure as found in a group of children at play. He was initiated. He became a part of an organization. He came into rapport with this unified group.

Coordinated play in perfect rapport with other children is the child's "Kingdom of Heaven." And it is an infinitely beautiful kingdom. Coordinated study in harmonious association with other students is the student's "Kingdom of Heaven." And in its finest aspects, it is not far from the real heavenly realm of which the Master had so much to say.

This play incident and the school incident reveal by analogy something of the profound meaning of the Christian concept of a perfect social order. A story from real spiritual life will furnish the additional explanation.

#### By NEPHI JENSEN

# of GOD

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS THE LEADER OF THE GROUP CALLED GLEEFULLY, "COME ON ALICE!"

Some years ago a young girl from Western Canada was appointed to do missionary work in the Canadian Mission. Her first name was Ruby. And the name connoted her character. She was a real gem. She had been reared in a fine Latter-day Saint home; but she had never had any real profound experience with spiritual realities before going on her mission.

Some months after her arrival in the missionary field, she and her girl companion were appointed to hold a cottage meeting. The two took an interurban train for the place of the fire-side service. On the way Ruby became anxious about what she should say at It was to be her the meeting. first attempt at the delicate art of preaching. As the train sped on its way she commenced to soliloquize: "What can I say? I don't know whether my religion is true or not." It was a very disquieting thought, and she was quite distressed about it. When she reached her destination she was really blue.

I IPON their arrival at the home at which the meeting was to be held, the two were shown to an upper room for the night. Shortly afterward Ruby's companion went down stairs and left Ruby alone with her distracting thoughts. In her desperation she fell upon her knees at the bedside and wept and prayed. In girlish simplicity and faith she pleaded for a knowledge of the divinity of her religion. While she prayed a spirit of peace, joy, power and glory took possession of her. She arose to her feet with a perfect assurance in her heart that her spirit had touched the Spirit of God.

It was the deepest, sweetest and truest experience of her life. Tears of joy were glistening on her cheeks when her companion returned.

"I know that you know Mormonism is true," said the companion fervently as she took Ruby in her arms.

That night Ruby found the real meaning of Paul's profound conclusion, "The Kingdom of God is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Through the Holy Ghost, which is the witness for God and His son Jesus Christ,

she came into peaceful joyous harmony with God.

Her deep spiritual awakening was not wholly unlike the thrill of unified play. The essential pleasure of play comes from harmonious joyous action. But Ruby's thrill was spiritual. It came from the consciousness that she had come into perfect sympathetic accord with the One who is infinitely beautiful, good and true. This inner serene sense of perfect loving harmony with the Father of All is what the Master calls the 'Kingdom of Heaven within you.'

Ruby had been initiated into the institutional Kingdom of God when eight years of age, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, administered by one who had been duly ordained to act for the King. Now, through her spiritual awakening, she had become alive to the joys and glories of the heavenly kingdom. So she had no difficulty in speaking to the little group of Saints, neighbors and friends who gathered that evening about the hearthstone; for her newly awakened sense of the reality of God and His loving kindness had given her the deep feeling that she was kin to all His children. With the purest delight she fraternized with and spoke to those with whom she now felt so intimately related. There was in her first simple, fervent sermon the spontaneous joy-notes of the bird-song.

SUCH a person is not kept out of the harmonious realm by any geographical barrier or racial differences. Nor is he shut out by the edict of anyone within the kingdom. He shuts himself out. His every thought, aspiration and endeavor takes him further and further from that perfected society, in which all the members find their chief joy in sharing their joys with others.

A love-governed kingdom of this kind, "is not of this world," as the Savior affirmed. The kingdoms of this world are built up by greed and aggression and forceful subjugation of others. The kingdom of Christ is fostered by loving service and consecrated self-sacrifice.

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THE OLD PAPER MILL

#### By RACHEL G. TAYLOR

# When RAGS were THE amount of paper used in PRECIOUS

THE amount of paper used in a single copy of the January 3, 1934, issue of the Deseret News would have been sufficient to print your grandfather's copy for an entire year, if he was one of the original subscribers in 1850. There are more reasons than one for the difference in size of the issues, but this article will discuss but one—paper.

In these days paper is plentiful. It is pushed under our doors and into our mailboxes. We wade through page upon page of our daily and weekly newspaper in the hope of getting items of real interest bogged down in surplus paper. One of the expenses of a city is wages paid to men who go along its streets and keep them clear of waste paper.

How different when on June 15, 1850, the first copy of the Deseret News was printed! It was a weekly paper of 8 pages, the sheets being 7½ by 10 inches (a little smaller than this sheet). To print a paper at all was an ambitious undertaking when paper made in the East had to come to Utah via the Mississippi River and thence over the plains, or by ship to California and then across the desert.

Before the year 1850 closed, plans were being made for the es-

DESERET NEWS.

RAGS! RAGS!! RAGS!! RAGS!! Save your rags, every body in Deseret save your rags, old wagon covers, tents, quilts, shirts, &c., &c., are wanted for paper. The most efficient measures are in progress to put a paper mill in operation the coming season, in this valley, and all your rags will be wanted. Make your woollen rags into carpeting, and save importation.

THE MAIL, having passed through snow from one to three feet in depth, for 17 days, arrived on the 9th isat, bringing a copy of the Act incorporating the Territory of Utah, as certified by Dr. Bernhisel, which we give entire in to day's paper.

At our latest advices from Washington the officers of the "Territory" had not been nominated, but it was thought by some of our friends that Prest. Fillmore was favorably inclined towards individuals now living in Deseret, for the greater portion of the officers of Utah.

Strong sacrtions were made by our Agents at Washington for the name of Descret instead of Utah, but with no avail. This mail confirmed the truth of the rumor that Brigham Young has been appointed to take the Census of Descret, also an appointment to Willard Richards as Post Master for Salt Lake City, Utah Ter

Modern process and modern transportation have made paper an extremely common article of daily use. We have paper plates, paper cups, paper dresses, paper everything! In pioneer times paper was precious because, like nails, it was extremely scarce. In this article you will find the story of an early Utah paper and of the men and women who had part in its production.

tablishment of a paper mill. But making paper meant a supply of rags from which to make it, as manufacture from wood pulp in those days was out of the question.

This necessity was a blessing in disguise. Rags make strong paper paper that still stands the test of time.

The first appeal for rags for papermaking purposes appeared in the Deseret News, November 30,

1850, as evidenced by the accompanying clipping.

The following year an appeal was made in an open letter address-

"TO THE PUBLIC:

"The subscribers would respectfully advertise to the citizens of the Great Salt Lake and the territory of Utah, that they are fitting up and preparing for the manufacture of all kinds of paper in the vicinity of Big Cottonwood; we would therefore solicit the Bishops of each ward respectively, traveling and presiding elders, to spare no pains in spreading this intelligence that we intend to be ready to commence our operation in the manufacture of all kinds of paper by the first of July next. We therefore solicit all the citizens of the territory of Utah to save all materials for the manufacturing of same; namely all kinds of ropes made of hemp, or flax, old paper hangings, or waste paper of all descriptions, and rags of all colors, of every name and denomination, either cotton, linen or woolen, for which we will pay the highest market price, according to their respective denomination, and to facilitate the gathering of the materials for the paper we would recommend that each individual de-

posit their rags with the Bishops of their respective wards, taking a receipt of the amount received, designating the description, keeping a record of the same, and forward the same to the general Tithing Office in Great Salt Lake City, which amount to be received on Tithing, or to be paid in paper or any other thing that we may

exchange for paper.

Sidney Roberts, Contractor, Thomas Howard, Manufacturer.'

APPARENTLY the rags received did not justify importing the machinery for a However, President Brigham Young included paper-making along with the many other articles manufactured in the Public Works Shop.

Without machinery, the rags were washed, sorted, then ground to pieces between stones. Water was added to make a thick pulp which was boiled for hours in large vats. This pulp must be constantly stirred and beaten to make it of



GEORGE GODDARD

as smooth consistency as possible. When the cooking process was over, the pulp was run out over screens and the surplus water drained away, leaving the paper. must be flattened by hand or by

Without proper bleaching materials, the paper produced, while strong, was coarse in texture and dull gray in color. The difficulties of succeeding years in obtaining materials and using the materials obtained is best told in the columns



SHANTY of sod on the prairie's breast, A A cabin of logs where the forest clears, A rude, bare shack in the wilderness, These are the houses of pioneers.

A rough floor scrubbed by an earnest broom. A coarse brown muslin window shade, A coal oil lamp with a shining flue, An old, old, Book on a table made

With simple tools, a woven rug, A patchwork quilt, a little flower On the window sill, a cradle's swing, A soul that can wait, but cannot cower,

A woman's love, and a man's brave faith, A bit of prayer as the night time nears, A soft song threaded through weary toil,— These make the homes of the pioneers. -Clara Aiken Speer.

of the News of Thursday, January 12, 1854:

DESERET PAPER MILLS. "His Excellency the Governor, having granted the use of the northeast corner of the Public Work Shop for manufacturing paper, we the undersigned, solicit the citizens of Utah Territory to send all kinds of rags and waste paper of all descriptions, to the Tithing Office immediately, as we are anxious to be in operation so as to have a sheet of home-made paper ready for presentation at the April Conference.

'Thomas Hollis. "Thomas Howard."

"RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!!!-Save your rags!

'Look at the above and be wise. Bring your rags to the Tithing Office. (Ed.)

This item is also of interest and is from the Deseret News, Thursday, June 8, 1854.

'In advertising for paper rags in our last number, we omitted to mention that it is not necessary to wash or sort them, as that will be done at the factory. We also wish the Bishops in the several wards throughout the territory to urge the people to gather and send on their cotton and linen rags, colored or uncolored, washed or unwashed,

as this is the only chance of getting paper for the News until next fall."

That the paper makers had difficulty obtaining sufficient rags is indicated by this notice in the Deseret News, Thursday, July 6, 1854.

"TO OUR READERS.

"We are compelled to come out again in a half sheet, much more to our chagrin, than it can be to yours; but sufficiently unpleasant to all parties. As stating a few of the most difficult obstacles, which prevent our being furnished with a whole sheet, may tend to remove them, we will frankly do so. In the first place, notwithstanding the published notices, and all we have said, paper rags come in very slow. Again, our paper makers cannot use the colored rags at present through lack of material for bleaching. and lack of skill to make the material. And still further Brother Gaunt does not yet furnish the new felting which was ordered long ago.

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# FLAGS of the CONFEDERACY

THREE successive designs for a national flag were adopted by the Confederate Congress before one was evolved that met every crucial requirement. Each, in turn, had seemed the ideal one both heraldically and symbolically, until subjected to the practical test of the battlefield, when the first two necessarily were abandoned because of their misleading visibility.

The first of these official flags was made from the following design: A blue union with a circle of stars, and with longitudinal bars of red and white instead of the Stars and Stripes of the Union flag; the white space through the center being the same width as the red above and the red below the white bar; the union being a blue field extending down through the top red and white bars to the edge of the red bar below.

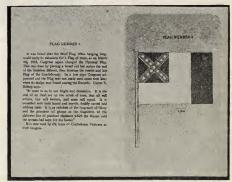
In the center of the blue field was a circle of white five-pointed stars equal in number to the states which had seceded.

Beautiful though this flag, undoubtedly, was; and, though it perfectly embodied the sentiment of the South, its abandonment was necessitated by the fact that, when hanging limp on the battlefield it easily was mistaken for the Stars and Stripes and thus was the cause of such confusion that, after the first Battle of Manassas, both the Northern and Southern forces accused one another of using an imitation of the opposing colors.

Consequently, on the first of May, 1861, a second official flag was adopted by the Congress. This design, also, proved disappointing that, when hanging idly, its appearance was perilously like a flag of truce.

THE LAST FLAG
ADOPTED BY THE
CONFEDERATE
CONGRESS
Photo Metropolitan

Engraving Co., Richmond, Va.



Finally, on the fourth of March, 1865, only a few short weeks before the tragedy of Appomattox, a third and last design was adopted. The specifications for this flag were: That the width should be two-thirds of the length, with the union three-fifths of the width of the flag and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width of the field below it; the ground was to be red, with a broad blue saltier-or St. Andrew's crossthereon; the cross to be bordered with white and emblazoned with white five-pointed stars, or mullets, equal in number to the States of the Confederacy. Across the opposite end of this banner was a broad red bar, which added even more to its distinctiveness. Although it was destined never to see service in the field, this flag is now used as their official insignia by the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

ANOTHER design—not officially adopted, however—was the famous battle flag which sprang

into instant popularity immediately after its appearance and, within a year, became the recognized emblem of the entire Confederate army and was borne by all the troops throughout the remainder of the conflict. It was not intended, primarily, for a national banner but was created after the first battle of Manassas for the use of the army in that sector. General P. G. T. Beauregard had the honor of designing this flag, which was square in shape in deference to the wishes of General Joseph E. Johnston. Its field, likewise was red; its bars were blue and were placed diagonally across the field from corner to corner in the form of a Greek cross. The stars on the bars were either white or gold and corresponded in number to those of the Confederate States. The blue bars. were separated from the red field by a narrow fillet of white. designated size of this flag, for the infantry, was 4x4 feet; for the artillery, 3x3 feet; and for the cavalry, 2½x2½ feet.

The first flags from this design were made by two Virginia belles,

#### By LUCIE A. FERGUSON

Flags are made of the very essence of patriotic sentiment. Woven into them are the heart beats of the people whom they represent, therefore the making of a flag is no easy matter, and the preserving of a banner is one of the finest tasks given to civilized man. The flag of the American Confederacy was not quite fully born the cause for which it stood never quite materialized, but still much sentiment gathered, in a few strife-torn years, around "The Stars and Bars."

the Misses Hettie and Constance Cary, who presented one each to General Johnston, General Beauregard and General Van Dorn. General Beauregard sent his flag to New Orleans, and—when that city fell—he sent it to Havana for safekeeping. At the close of the war, it was returned to New Orleans

and was given into the custody of the Washington Artillery, of

that city.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that Miss Constance Cary afterwards became Mrs. Burton Harrison, and attained distinction as a writer of fiction.

Although the famous battle flag was square in shape, there were many others that were oblong and were made by loyal women of the South who presented them to companies in their own localities. These.

calities. These, too, bear eloquent testimony to the bravery of their defenders in their blood-stained tattered folds.

ONE of the most notable standards of the Confederacy was that known as the Jackson Flag. The original one was made by Mrs. Libby Ann Padeett. a skillful

needlewoman, for James Jackson, proprietor of the Marshall House at Alexandria, Virginia. A replica of it was flown at the peak of the Confederate war-vessel, the Shenandoah, and was carried by that valiant ship to every ocean on the globe, encircling the earth in what has been characterized as one of the masterly cruises of history. The pattern of this flag was: Two red stripes with a white stripe be tween; on a blue field was a circle

1861 th

TOP: THE FIRST FLAG ADOPTED BY THE CON-FEDERATE CONGRESS

CENTER: THE FAMOUS BATTLE FLAG, DESIGNED BY GENERAL P. G. T. BEAUREGARD, BOTTOM: THIS FLAG PROVED DISAPPOINTING AND WAS ABANDONED.

of twelve stars with a thirteenth star, larger in size, in the center to represent Virginia. It is supposed that thirteen, instead of eleven stars, were used to represent the two doubtful states that were expected to secede any day.

The first emblem of the Confederate Volunteers in the field was a banner of solid blue bearing a single white star. It belonged to the Texas Volunteers and was carried by the Wigfall Guards, commanded by Ensign Duggan, to whom Captain Howe, commanding "The Star of the West," surrendered his vessel with a large cargo of foodstuffs, early in April, 1861.

After so signal a victory, it is little wonder that the flag borne by these brave Volunteers was im-

mortalized in a song called, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," that swept the South like prairie fire and was second only to "Dixie" as an inspiration to the Boys in Grey all through the gruelling years of the War between the States. Though other flags bearing a single star were unfurled at different times and in various states of the Confederacy, none ever attained so wide an appeal as that of the Lone Star Flag of Texas. Indeed, the sentiment was quite general at the beginning of the War in favor of a single star flag as the official one of the new Government; but this sentiment never took definite form.

However, when Virginia seceded in April,

1861, the flag that was flown from the dome of the Capitol, at Richmond, was one of solid blue devoid of insignia, instead of the former flag of the state.

TEW Southerners and fewer, still, of their Northern compatriots are aware that a Confederate Flag once was flown over a public build-

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AN OXFORD GROUP IN CANADA

# The Oxford Groups c. Frank Steele at Close Range

THE Oxford Groupers came to America not long ago and from New York to San Francisco and from Vancouver to Quebec these evangelists in plusfours and dinner jackets spread their new gospel in an earnest and often compelling style. And they did it in a big way, for their "team" number forty or more, all happy, jaunty, enthusiastic envoys of the new way of life.

This, in many respects, is the most interesting new movement in the religious world today. It is not a new denomination but rather a new determination, as Dr. Frank Buchman, founder and leader of the Groups, puts it. Life changing on a grand scale is the aim of these missioners and by this means they hope to change the world. It is a movement, not an organization. Religion has been stripped of its formalism and stiffness. These touring envoys who travel in Pullmans and call each other by their

first names are very human, frank, jovial folk. They bear "witness" but do not debate. They are not prudish yet I know of none who has not given up tobacco and liquor. They stand for the clean life. There is no clergy in the movement although many clergymen are Groupers; there are no churches, no press agents, no periodicals: and only a few books, notably "For Sinners Only," by a London journalist whose life was changed, have been written of the Groups and their plan for world redemption.

One may be a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Roman Catholic, a Latter-day Saint and be an Oxford Grouper. This at least is what is claimed, for it is calculated to be a great force for spiritual if not organic unity, breaking down denominational barriers and prejudices. It stands for Christ rather than creed.

Does it work? I can give one

example where it did. When the Oxford Group missionary meeting was held in our city a Latter-day Saint stake president was invited to a place beside the clergy of other faiths, a dozen or more of them, the most friendly gesture that had been made up to that time. Christian fellowship is what Dr. Buchman and his zealous associates preach.

THIS is a unique movement in many ways. Someone has called it "The Salvation Army in dress clothes." Certainly it is distinctive. The missioners go about in "teams." They describe their work as "jolly fun," and propound it in the ballrooms of the best hotels. Their "house parties" are really testimony meetings and are very frank and informal affairs, even jovial but seemingly sincere and spontaneous. There is no sanction of the sensational or artificial; rather these Oxford Group

people are intelligent, broad-minded, normal men and women drawn from a great many fields, often graduates of universities. I heard one critic call it an "emotional jag" but I saw nothing of this sort. Wesley and Booth carried their revivals to the poor of England; Frank Buchman, American-born founder of this new revival, went to Cambridge and Oxford and there it was that the movement gathered momentum. It, of course, takes its name from Oxford University, although this is resented by not a few Oxonians, though some of the missioners are Oxford men. Today there are Groups in a score or more countries meeting from time to time as they are "guided."

As I have said, these Groupers have coined a new religious terminology. For instance they "share" experiences and substance if necessary. The y "change" lives. They wait for "guidance" and have their "quiet times," periods when they commune with

God. Moreover, a man who has been "changed" must make "restitution." Age-old conventionalities have been passed over in stating their gospel.

The "creed" of the Oxford Group is simple. They believe in the four Absolutes—absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, absolute love. "It is that 'absolute' point that gets one," said a convert. "There must be no hedging, no side-stepping. One must be true. And such a type of living would change the world."

Those whose lives have been "changed" testify that God speaks to them in their daily "quiet times." They hold that the common idea of prayer is incorrect, that it does not go far enough. It is not enough to ask; we must give God an opportunity to answer, which He will if we have rid ourselves of sin and sham and indifference. Dr. Buchman puts it this way: "People talk to God then slam down the receiver." Complete reliance on the Lord's ability and desire to answer our prayers is one of the basic principles of the movement.

Nor must the Oxford Grouper keep to himself the good things he has received. He must "share." It is not enough to confess to God: others must be told of the victories

won, the experiences in deeper, richer spiritual life realized.

HOW is the Movement financed? This is a common question. To quote again Dr. Buchman: "It is you not yours that we are after." Voluntary donations are relied upon largely although a number of the members of the "team" have private means which they "share" very generously. No collections are taken either at the meetings or at the "house parties." "God has taken care of our needs thus far, and He always will if we follow His guidance," said one Group member.

This Movement during the

Here is the story of another "movement" American born, English bred, which indicates that men are seeking new and better ways of fostering fellowship. This article, read in connection with that written by Dr. Beeley in this same issue, will undoubtedly be of interest.

stress period of the past three or four years has had a powerful appeal. Many notable men and women have become converts to it. For instance, in the United States it has won such men as Harvey Firestone, the manufacturer; in Canada, T. P. Loblow, Toronto chain store magnate, was "changed" and became an ardent worker. However, his influence was soon lost to the Groups, for he died in April last. Vice-Ad-



REFLECTIONS

miral Sidney Drury Lowe, R. N., C. M. G.; Dr. Cyrus MacMillanformer moderator of the Presbyterian Church in South Africa; Mr. and Mrs, H. Kenaston Twitchell. of Harvard and Oxford; "Jimmy" Watt of Fife, Scotland, a coal miner and former secretary of the Young Communist Movement in Scotland; Miss Eleanor Forde of Montreal, American-born but educated at McGill—these are representative Oxford Groupers.

The founder of the Movement. Dr. Frank Buchman, was born in Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1878, of German-Swiss parents. He qualified for the Lutheran ministry, but disagreeing with his church board

became a free lance preacher. In 1918, he declares, in Kenswick, England, he had a deeply stirring religious experience and it was then and there that the inspiration of the Movement came to him. For some years he was secretary of the student Y. M. C. A. at Pennsylvania State College and became noted for

his evangelical work on American college campuses. During the war, Dr. Buchman did Y. Mr. C. A. work in China and returning to the United States by way of Europe he paused at Cambridge and there in 1920 was really born the Movement, first called "The First Century Christian Fellowship" or "Buchmanism," and later the Oxford Group Movement.

It is perhaps too early to evaluate the Movement or even to place it. No one can object to its four absolutes: honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, has pointed out that the Latter-day Saints have always stressed these moral teachings and the rigid living of them. Some of the other features of the Movement may not be so acceptable. However, that the Oxford Group Movement is significant of the times is obviously true-a reaching out for something simple, practical and understandable. In a word it is another break with decadent denominational forms, a return to the zeal and devotion of the early Christians. It will be judged in the years to come as other organizations and movements by its fruits. Right now it is an absorbing experiment, religious and psychological.



OMEWHERE during a busy week, Mrs. Southwick had seen the word "Ideality." It might have been the heading of Betty's English composition, or a caption in the paper. It did not matter. But her mind had caught the word, and held it with annoying persistence.

Impatiently she thrust it from Ideality, indeed? Ideality existed only in dreams and fancies. What use was there in vain and empty expatiations, when the perfect exemplar, the archetype, was not to be found in this prosaic day of selfishness and commercialism? Life had long since cut itself apart from ideals; it had resolved itself into "each man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." And for the hindmost, it was merely a mad effort to get by.

To get by! That was her own problem, now and all the time. from the first of the month when bills came in, to the last when she looked forward to the needed paycheck—that more bills might be paid. What time had she to consider ideals, when stern reality was her constant companion?

As she sat, a prey to worry and discouragement, before her on the desk were bills and check book. First came, as usual, the statements from fuel, light and telephone companies. Then-the doctor bill! This month the doctor must wait. No doubt she should make some explanation or apology, for she was forced to admit that Doctor Burton had given Dick conscientious care, and the boy's fractured

limb was now restored to its former symmetry and usefulness. the doctor had a family to support, a home to maintain, and office rent to pay, besides the expense of operating his car and hiring an office assistant. Yes, she must telephone

She began her regretful explanation, only to be cut short by a friendly little laugh.

"I'm not worrying about it one bit, Mrs. Southwick," the doctor assured her heartily, "and hope that you are worrying no more than I. How is Dick? Send him in some time; I'd like to see that leg again. What? He plays baseball? Send him in soon!"

Mrs. Southwick turned from the telephone with stinging eyes, the tightness around her heart somewhat relaxed, then hurried to answer a knock at the back door.

It was young Schultz; his people lived on the corner, a peculiar family who had raised a neighborhood row about a right-of-way.

The young man looked up with a friendly smile.

'Have you seen a little bull terrier limping around here this afternoon?" he asked.

"Oh, is it your dog that's hurt? The children said something .....

"No, he isn't mine. I don't know where he belongs. I was driving my truck along the highway up here, and a man just ahead of me ran right over this dog; didn't even look back. I couldn't leave the little fellow lying in the road; he wasn't dead. So I picked him up and brought him home,

porch. I had a delivery to make, but came back as soon as I could to make him comfortable until his owner could be found. And he must have limped off; couldn't have gone very far." There was genuine concern in his face and voice.

Mrs. southwick told him that one of the children had said something about a lame dog making its way to the hollow across the street, and with a smile and "Thank you" young Schultz was gone.

One check had been made out. when a young voice interrupted.

'Mum! Mummy!'

"Yes? What is it?" Mrs. Southwick asked impatiently.

'O-nothin'-say, you're not worryin' 'bout money, are you, Mum?"

"Well, a little, I guess, dear," she replied, regretting her sharpness.

"You don't need to. I was just goin' to ask if I could go to the store an' buy one of those thing-ama-gigs in the window, but-you can have my fifteen cents! I can save again!" And a grimy little hand turned out upon the table a precious hoard of pennies. A patter of feet, the slam of a door, and the child was gone, scarcely hearing her mother's "Thank you, dear!"

Mrs. Southwick tenderly gathered the pennies into a little heap and went on with her task until another knock sounded at the back door. This time it was the plumber, who had come to repair a leaking drain under the kitchen sink. Curiously she watched him at his brief task, remarking:

"Plumbing is a more essential trade today than it was in grandmother's time."

(Continued on page 443)

#### By JOSEPH F. MERRILL

A Member of the Quorum of the Twelve

## The Lord Overrules

T was about 10 o'clock one Monday morning the end of August or early September, 1897. I was riding westward in Wyoming on a Union Pacific train, and at this hour was scanning a copy of a Salt Lake paper, obtained at the previous stop. At the moment I was reading a report of the quarterly conference of the Salt Lake Stake, held in the Tabernacle the day before. Reference was made to the release of Joseph H. Felt, who had served for many years as Stake Superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A., and then the interesting information was given that Richard R. Lyman had been selected as his successor. To myself I said "Congratulations, Richard." No sooner had these words passed through my mind than I was surprised by the words "You are to be his first counselor." These last words were not read from the paper or audibly spoken in my ears but they were forcibly impressed upon my consciousness as if they had been uttered in thunderous tones. I shook. "Is not this strange?" I thought.

And then I began to ponder the situation. The facts were that I was returning to Salt Lake City after an absence of nearly twentyfour months to enter again upon my duties as a member of the faculty of the University of Utah. I had previously served for two years as a teacher at the University and was now returning from a leave of absence, devoted to study at Johns Hopkins and Chicago Universities. I was going to Utah with my mind convinced that it would be well for me to avoid public activity in Church service. I had taken this view during the two years, 1893-95, that I had already taught at the University and I had concluded to continue this attitude.

"Why," does one ask? This was the situation. I was a student

at the University during 1887-89. This was a period of intense feeling between the Mormons and Gentiles. Most of the Church leaders were living on "the underground" and were continually hunted by "dep-uty marshals." To escape inhuman persecution the Mormons had forsaken their comfortable homes in lovely Nauvoo forty years before and in the midst of innumerable hardships and unbelievable sufferings they had fled to the Rocky Mountain wilderness. By dint of persistent struggles with unfriendly natural conditions they had established themselves in these peaceful vales where they wanted, above all, to feel free to worship their God "according to the dictates of their own conscience." But in the later eighties old persecutions were returning and bitterness was increasing. Our people strongly felt they had a right to live in peace in a land they had reclaimed and made habitable. We at the University felt that we were between 'the devil and the deep blue sea.' The Gentiles regarded us as a Mormon institution. The Mormons (some of them) looked upon our school as an "infidel factory." Hence we did not enjoy the wholehearted support of either faction.

So when I went back to the institution as a teacher in September, 1893, I resolved in my public capacity to be neutral toward both factions, particularly since many leading men and women on both sides were then trying hard and successfully to develop better understandings. I believed in the University and its possibilities to become an influential factor for good in the community. But publicly I must exhibit no partisanship else to that extent I might endanger the good work of the University. Hence during these two years I accepted no call to Church service. I went regularly as a lay member to religious meetings, never forgot to pray daily, and tried to make my personal conduct square with my mother's teachings. And then I went east for a two-year period of further study.

During this time there was little occasion to give further consideration to this question of Public Church activity. However, on the return trip some attention was given to it but the conclusion of four years before remained un-changed. This was one reason why I read with so much interest of what had happened to my friend Richard R. Lyman. During my leave of absence he had accepted a teaching position in the University. I knew this and knew we were to be colleagues on the faculty. But just as I started to think it might be all right for him to become publicly Church active but not for me came my shock.

Years ago on invitation I reported this incident to the Psychical Research Society of Boston. Before accepting it as phenomenal the Society asked me a lot of questions. No, I had never previously talked with Dr. Lyman about M. I. A. work nor with any other person about it in the Salt Lake nor any other stake. I had neither seen nor in any way communicated with Dr. Lyman during the two previous years. Yes, I had known him at the University of Michigan four years and more previously. But I was not then and had never been a member of the Salt Lake Stake, was not personally acquainted with any officer of the Stake, had never attended any M. I. A.

WHY was I told that I was to be Brother Lyman's first counselor? At first thought it seemed very strange. But I have been of (Continued on page 447)

meetings outside of my own ward,

Richmond, and this more than ten

years before, had no secret desire

to be a Church officer, etc.

# "OGDEN'S HOLE"

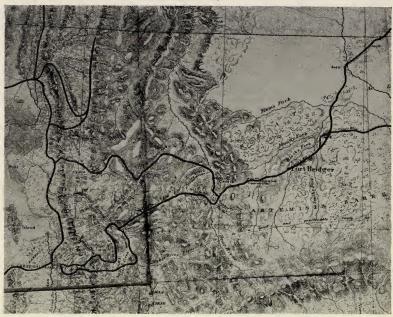


Photo of the Stansbury Map.

IN the January (1934) issue of the Era I notice an article under the caption, "The Colonization of Ogden Hole" by Glenn Perrins, a newspaper man of Ogden. In this article he refers to the location of the city of Ogden as being identical with Ogden Hole, or. correctly written "Ogden's Hole."

There can be no doubt in regard to Ogden's Hole being identical with Ogden Valley in which the settlements of Huntsville, Eden, and Liberty are now located. The name "Ogden's Hole" was applied to that particular valley prior to the arrival of the Mormon pioneers in 1847, and perhaps the best authority we have is the official document written by Howard Stansbury, Captain Corps Topographical Engineers, U. S. Army, entitled "Exploration and Survey of the

#### By ANDREW JENSON

Assistant Church Historian

The aged but still keen Assistant Church Historian who, himself, walked across the plains, calls Howard Stansbury as witness in the case Ogden vs. Ogden's Hole (See Glenn S. Perrins' article in the January, 1934 Improvement Era) and settles the controversy. Mr. Jenson also produced a Stansbury map as evidence.

Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah," published in Philadelphia in 1852.

Howard Stansbury left Fort Leavenworth May 31, 1849, with his expedition. He traveled in a northwesterly direction until he struck the Platte River, and thence passed up said river and the Sweetwater, until he crossed the Continental Divide, or South Pass. Thence he traveled to Fort Bridger, where he arrived Aug. 11, 1849. In his official report we read the following:

"From Fort Bridger there are now two routes as far as the Humboldt or Mary's (Continued on page 448)

#### POETRY \* \*





#### For the Dark Stranger

By Ardyth Kennelly

I'D like to have slippers with jeweled heels And a soft dress looped with pearls, A heaven-blue cape—and eyes to match— A head all golden curls.

I'd like to be covered with costly stuff, White diamonds glittering blue, For then you'd see me and then you'd ask: Would I dance this waltz with you?

#### Coin of the Realm

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

NE who would journey to another land

Must pause somewhere before departing, and

Exchange his money for the coin they know To stand for value where he means to go.

One who would journey to the world to come
In peace, and find in it a happy home,
Must know that all that any traveler

Can pass for value there is character.

#### In a Garden

By Rosannah Cannon

COULD ever spring come sweetly to this place, And we not know?

Where iris blooms with an especial grace, And silver birches trail their tender green; Where in the dusk a sickle moon is seen. And faint winds blow.

Though we are dust a thousand years or more,

The summer rain
Will tell of one place lovely as before;
And grief we knew together will seem
small.

And death quite unimportant, after all, If this remain.

#### Sacrament By M. J. Cole

TREES so mute and reverent Within this woodland space! Fold all your young leaves quietly: It is a holy place.

Let us lift up our faces,—glad
And unashamed of scars,
Since we have drunk memorially
Our fellowship with stars.

The Maker of clean beauty has Broken the bread again And given to us in the dawn Communion cup of rain.

#### Dry Farm

By Andrew M. Andersen

I REMEMBER—

1 \* \* Assailing grey legions of sagebrush
Until my furrows
Reached to the edge of the pine lands;

\* \* Snaring the wary water In pits at the foot of the lonely butte, Where snows, embraced by the aspens, Melted slowly:

\* \* Gathering abundant harvests From the generous soil.

Then the barren years came. A procession Of wilting saffron droughts.

Storm clouds were as impotent As the ominous wheels of dust That the winds rolled up from the southwest.

Frustrated, I renounced my bondage To dusty heat cursed slopes. But there was a silver sheen On endless reaches of sagebrush, And sentinel buttes on the foothills Were purple in the dawn.

\* \* Leaves of the aspens Danced with the timidest breezes;

\* \* Meadow larks, far from their meadows Trilled amid pillars of golden grain,

And a house with dirt roof and log walls, Framed by fields of burnished copper And drowsy hills, Is intimate and sheltering.



FALLS AND GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE

#### Shadows

By Herbert H. McKusick

THERE have been other shadows on this wall,

But none so beautiful As this faint tracery

The winter moon has etched through leafless arms

That reach toward heaven in their loneliness.

There have been other lines upon this heart, Limn'd by the fiercer light of passion's sun, But none so beautiful, my dear, As this new ecstacy your love has wrought After the day is done.

#### Memories

Bu Jane Romney Crawford

ROSE! how soon your beauty leaves you Roll and dry, Color fades and fragrance leaves you, Stem alone is left to die.

Does it pay to live at all, Rose, When you bloom just for a day? Just what is your mission then, Rose, Do you live in vain, I say?

Did I say you lived in vain, Rose? Now I know I failed to see You in your real light and worth, Rose, And the truth you told to me.

Perfect is your mission then, Rose, Perfume rare with it combines Life and beauty, charm and grace, Rose, Like true friends your life reminds.

Now you're here and now you're gone. Rose, Only stay just long enough.

To make your coming and your going Fond sweet memories of love.

#### Grand Canyon

By Maud E. Uschold

THIS cannot be—this world belo

THIS cannot be—this world below our feet! This sunken continent of chiseled rock, Where lightnings dart, and follow thun-

ders shock
From clouds white enfilades of snow and sleet.

After a storm the strange mirage of stone Shapes below in a rainbow maze of mist. Luminous now with slanting rays of sun. Blowing in streams carnelian, amethyst.

This is no ordinary land; this bright, Sharp continent adrift in gossamer, One moment clear, then lost in clouds that blur

Chameleon-like in ever changing light; That lifts from nether earth its terrible scars:

Whose skies have depth, but neither sun nor stars.

#### E D I T O R I

#### June Conference in Relief

THE attendance at June Conference this year broke all records, according to M. I. A. Officials. Maricopa Stake, Arizona, led all stakes in registration Friday. Saturday morning, how-

ever, Pocatello Stake forged into first place. Cheers

for the distant stakes.

Three thousand one hundred and seventy-eight singers assembled to participate in the grandest music festival in the history of the Church. Noble Cain, director, from Chicago, was elated when he beheld his group. Madam Telva, former Metropolitan singer, who was present to sing during the festival and in the general session on Sunday, was highly complimentary in her remarks about the chorus after she had heard them in rehearsal. Madam Telva appeared in compliment to the First Presidency of the Church.

M. I. A. contests, which have been in use for years, were replaced, officially by achievement programs. Miss Clarissa A. Beesley, second counselor to President Ruth May Fox, in making the announcement, suggested that "a living room is to be adopted in which all of the family may meet all the time in place of the old-fashioned parlor in which the family met only on gala occasions."

Ninety Vanguards registered in the archery contests. These young Robinhoods made a beautiful

showing.

M Men soft ball and tennis contests proved to be popular. Some of the games attracted much attention.

The eight feet by nearly five feet replica of the July cover of *The Improvement Era* which was used in the *Era* program on Friday morning in the Assembly Hall, attracted considerable attention.

The new plan of the regular Tuesday evening meeting was also announced by Miss Beesley. According to this plan, the weekly meetings will be devoted in their entirety to the subject in hand; two evenings to the manuals, and two to the Appreciation courses, each month.

Appreciation courses, each month.

The Attitudes of Youth were stressed in the Saturday morning meeting in the Assembly Hall. Four important speeches were given, some of which, if not all, will be run in this magazine.

The lunch at Saltair and the dance contests were as interesting and beautiful as usual. The original dances were especially fine. Eighteen stakes participated and each couple may know that at least some of the onlookers selected them. Teton Stake presented a four couple waltz which was artistically conceived and executed.

The contest events aroused the usual excite-

ment. See page 432 for results.

Unusually fine weather greeted the visitors. Light rains had cooled the atmosphere until Salt Lake City was, indeed, a delightful place in which to spend a few days; at the Lake the sunset was gorgeous and the surrounding mountains were dreams of loveliness.

#### Still Our Greatest National Danger



#### Listen Friend!

L ISTEN, friend, you may be the next one to kill some hopeful, innocent, splendid boy or girl, man or woman! No amount of regret or sorrow afterward will bring back a life. No years can dim that horrible moment when you felt your car strike the yielding flesh of one fashioned in God's own image.

You need not be the next one to do such a thing —you need never do it—if you will exercise care;

if you refuse to take a chance with life.

High speeds are dangerous and in most cases are unnecessary. When you are tempted to step on the gas and force that car above a safe and sane speed, pause and ask yourself if it is necessary. In most cases you will find it is not. At twenty miles an hour you can cross most of our ordinary towns from edge to edge in three minutes; at thirty you can do it in two. Remember that if you are traveling more than forty-five miles an hour a blowout on a front wheel means an almost certain wreck.

A young man got in his car and started for the music festival of his ward. A tire blew out. The car tipped over twice. The boy was killed. Re-

joicing was turned into mourning.

An honest, high-type business man left his home for his office. At twenty miles an hour he could have reached it in less than two minutes, but he had a fine car and enjoyed speed. A car had stopped at an intersection. He was in a hurry, perhaps, or was thoughtless, and passed the car at a fair rate of speed only to feel the impact of a body as a happy young girl on her way to school

stepped out from in front of the car which had stopped to let her pass. The girl was hurled to the pavement. She was picked up and rushed to a hospital where it was found she had a fractured skull. She suffered untold agony. She may die; she may live—a wreck; there is only a very slender chance of complete recovery.

Friend, you may be the next one to kill a person—yourself, your own family, or someone else—unless you exercise great care in driving that powerful servant of yours, your carl

We plead for safety!—H. R. M.

#### What Brand Patriotism?

THERE are several brands of patriotism, but only one counts very much—that of work. Talk, such as one hears on the nation's birthday and at other seasons, is important, because it shapes thought and thought produces action—sometimes. But work—work toward and for American ideals is the brand of patriotism that counts most.

Confused a bit by the big and complicated stream of activity that is constantly going on around us, we, frequently, would be willing to work if someone would point the way.

Right now is the time, and where you happen to reside is the place to begin. An election is coming up this fall. Now is the time to prepare for it.

At election time we hear orators deride the American public for not using their votes. We hear speakers declare that we must use our suffrage. Those admonitions are good, but now is the time to work.

There are huge interests preparing for the next election. They never sleep, so to speak. They realize that under a democratic form of government such as ours, they can shape their own destinies and the destinies of the people while the people sleep. They groom their candidates—slyly, secretly. They prepare their programs and arguments. Usually they buy or force themselves into one or the other or all of the political parties. Their representatives will be present at the first primaries and will follow through to the last rally, because it means money to them.

The people, therefore, if they are to shape the kind of country they wish for themselves and their children, must also be alert at the right time. Now is the right time! After nominations have been made is too late to become active. Now is

the time.

Huge liquor, grain, and fruit interests are eager to see the last vestige of prohibition removed. They will work hard and long for the return of all liquors everywhere because there is money to be made all along the line in the liquor business. Clever men are racking their brains for subtle arguments for liquor. They will point out the difficulties of enforcement; they will speak of the taxes which will flow into state coffers; they will say how carefully the traffic will be controlled. Of course, no sane, thinking man or woman will be deceived by their argument any more than they

were deceived before our latest election, but many people are not entirely same on the subject of liquor, and many more cannot think through a problem.

Now is the time, where you are is the place to exhibit your patriotism. Let's get busy and make America safe for health, happiness, and sanity. Let's be patriotic enough to go to those primaries and conventions even though there is not a dime in sight for our attendance. Let's upset any machine that attempts to fasten liquor and other shackles upon our people. Washington gave his time, suffered hardship, and offered his life as well as his fortune. Surely we can give a little time to this cause.

What brand patriotism should we have! The brand that will send good men and women—men and women with the welfare of all the people at heart—to our legislatures both state and national!

—H. R. M.

#### We Will Carry the Torch

TWO days before June Conference began a young M Man, Earl Ross, had completed a talk and was looking forward to delivering it on Sunday night at the M Men-Gleaner session. Two days after Conference, Earl was dead. In his place on Sunday night stood a teacher of his who had first asked the Men Men and Gleaners there assembled to join him in a prayer of faith for Earl—a prayer which he offered in solemnity and sincere humility. Then, according to the sick boy's request, Professor Joseph Smith read the paper Earl had written.

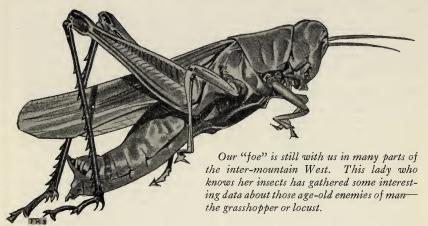
In the M Men organization members will grow older and leave; Earl will be an M Man until the day when the grave is opened and he is raised to inhabit again his body with clear young eyes again seeing and his strong young limbs again animate. His is a spirit which, perhaps, will hover about the organization of young men his age and lend the inspiration of his greater experience and vision.

From his last consciously-planned message we quote: "Well, Pioneer, you see we too have mountains to climb, prairies to cross, rivers to ford in carrying the Torch of our Faith. \* \* \* Ours is a great task, but we are unfalteringly pioneering in ne wfields \* \* \* but we are still miles from our goal—a goal that we can never reach, nor can any of the succeeding generations. There will always be new problems to solve, new pioneering in new fields \* \* \* but we are still miles on our way; we have achieved concrete goals; but we can't and won't stop. We shall press on and carry the Torch you have handed to us; the Torch of our faith to every part of the world, no matter where it is, to every nation, no matter how small, to every individual, no matter how lowly. We will do these things with every worthy cause we can command. We will pioneer, just as you did!"

Earl Ross has pledged his word that the M Men will carry the torch. The M Men must

make his word good!"-E. T. B.

# Our Historical



"And when it was morning, the east wind brought the locusts \* \* they covered the face of the whole earth so that the land was darkened; and they did eavery herb of the land and all the fruit of the trees: and there remained not any green thing in the trees or any herbs of the field through all the land of Egypt." Exodus X:15.

RASSHOPPERS or locusts are age-old enemies of man. Their devastations have been witnessed all over the world. Now they are menacing us again. With alarming rapidity, they have increased in numbers until they are causing serious epidemics in our midwestern states. The damage they do is identical with that which was done in Utah by the "crickets" of pioneer days (They were longhorned grasshoppers, not really crickets as known today). All Latter-day Saints are familiar with the story of their miraculous destruction by seagulls.

Ordinarily a few grasshoppers give us no concern, as they are insignificant individually. When they multiply excessively, however, they become a serious plague, and this occurs periodically with them. Throughout all ages, they have caused fearful desolation, famine, and pestilence. So terrible were these plagues in the olden

days, that they were written into the historical records of mankind, together with other great events of world history. The prophet Joel writes of them as a fierce, invading army.

"Hear ye this, ye elders, and give ear, ye inhabitants of the land. Hath this ever happened in your days? or in the days of your fathers? That which was left by the creeping locust hath the swarming locust eaten, and that which was left by the swarming locust hath the grass locust eaten, and that which was left by the grass locust hath the com locust eaten.

Awake, and weep and howl. \* \* \*
For a nation hath come up over my land, bold and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of a lion, the cheek teeth of a great lion. He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig tree: he hath made it clean bare, and the branches thereof are made white. \* \* \* The harvest of the field is perished. How do the beast groan! The herds of cattle are perplexed because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate. \* \*

The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen so shall they run. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle array."

AT that time the locusts devastated Palestine, Egypt, Syria, and Arabia. Because of the ferociousness of these insects, the Arabs had a peculiar superstition about them. They believed them to be a composite of ten different animals, having the head of the horse, the horns of the stag, the eyes of the elephant, the neck of the ox, the breast of the lion, the body of the scorpion, the hip of the camel, the legs of the stork, the wings of the eagle, and the tail of the dragon. Believing them to be Allah's Army, they resigned themselves to the fate inflicted upon them by these formidable creatures. Even the valiant Romans were beaten by them.

In the year 133 B. C. during a terrible locust plague, infinite myriads of them were blown into the Mediterranean Sea, were drowned, and washed upon the shore in such immense heaps that they caused a general pestilence of all living creatures. And their foul odor was indescribably horrible. On the seacoast near Carthage and Utica 200,000 persons perished. Of the 30,000 Roman soldiers that died, 1500 stationed in Utica were carried out of the city and buried in a single day.

A worse plague than that one was experienced in France in 872 A. D. Every green thing in the land was devoured by the locusts.

# INSECT FOE

### By ELSIE HOFFMAN BUCHANAN

One-third of the entire population of France died from the famine and disease that followed this epidemic.

Perhaps the most horrible famine caused by these insects was the one in Morocco in 1778. The poor people wandered over the country in search of food, devoured the roots of plants, and picked the undigested grains of barley from the dung of camels. Starvation stalked through the land. The streets and roads were strewn with the unburied dead. Fathers sold their children and husbands their wives. to be spared this fate.

Although we have not had so horrible an experience in this country, our grandparents can easily remember the locust outbreak of 1874. Millions of acres of crops were destroyed when the Rocky Mountain locusts swarmed over the great plains. Many of the pioneers of the mid-west faced starvation, were compelled to abandon their homesteads, and in the covered wagons to wander over the devastated plains in search of food.

Only those who have witnessed one of these locust visitations can realize how swift and complete is the destruction of all vegetation by these ravenous insect swarms. Without a note of warning, suddenly the sun's face is darkened. Clouds obscure the sky. The air is thick with myriads of flying specks. Descending upon a field, they transform within a few hours the green acres into a barren wasteland.

In the cornfields, even the stalks are eaten to the ground. The locusts sweep clean a field quicker than would a whole herd of hungry steers. In the midst of the incessant buzz produced by them, and awed by their terrible destruction to his crops, the farmer stands helpless and bewildered at the collective power of these little creatures that are otherwise so insignificant individually.

Disastrous as a locust epidemic is

for the farmers, likewise terrifying is their visitation to the city dwellers. In 1915 the people of Jerusalem suffered such an experience.

AFTER the fields, orchards, and vineyards of the Holy Land were devastated, the locusts ransacked the homes of the people. Squeezing through cracks of closed doors and windows, they chewed up lace curtains, upholstery, and clothing. Frantically, the women swept them from the walls and roofs of their dwellings, but to no avail. They got enmeshed in their clothes, and exuded a nasty, dark fluid that soiled their garments most disgustingly. Their thorny legs scratched the skin as they crawled down people's backs. Their bite was like that of a horsefly. And everywhere the locusts left behind them their droppings, as repulsive as those of mice.

The piles of dead locusts were shoveled off of the streets daily by hundreds of men, while others carted them out of the city to be burned before they rotted. All of the railroad trains were delayed, and many of them stopped completely, when they encountered a locust swarm. Great masses of the crushed little carcasses make the rails so oily and slippery that the wheels lose their traction.

The actual size of these locust swarms seems incredible. In 1927 Dr. C. B. Williams, famous entomologist then stationed in East Africa estimated that there were 12 billion insects in one swarm that flew over his experiment station there. This swarm was 50 miles long, ½ miles wide, and 100 yards deep. Flying at the rate of six miles an hour, it took nine hours to pass over the station.

Those were Desert locusts that had migrated from Egypt and Arabia, a distance of 2,000 miles. To distinguish the migratory species of locusts from those that do not fly great distances, entomol-

ogists refer to the latter as grasshoppers. They are really the same insects, and by some, the terms are used interchangeably. In our country, we have no migratory species at the present time, the Rocky Mountain Locust being now extinct.

Four other species of grasshoppers, however, developed tremendous populations in the middle west, and ruined crops worth millions of dollars last year. They laid untold myriads of eggs in the ground. In some sections as many as 5,000 to 10,000 eggs were laid to the square foot of soil.

Mother Nature provides amply for the protection and survival of these little eggs. She has the female grasshopper dig a hole in the ground about two inches deep. Then the eggs are voided in a mucous fluid that later hardens and forms a protection around them. She then kicks soil over the hole, filling it up carefully again.

The tenacity and endurance of these little eggs is amazing. They will withstand extremely low temperatures, and moisture of any degree, surviving all kinds of soil conditions, unless they are exposed to the air and dried out. Periodically during the winter Minnesota entomologists dug eggs out of the frozen ground, reared those grasshoppers in their laboratories, and had them survive practically 100%.

The egg-pods may each contain anywhere from 20 to 130 eggs. Each female my lay from 2 to 20 egg-pods during the summer, depending upon climatic conditions. During a long, dry, warm summer they lay eggs very freely, and continue doing so until the first freeze-up in the fall. The weather has been ideal for them during the past three years, which accounts for this epidemic.

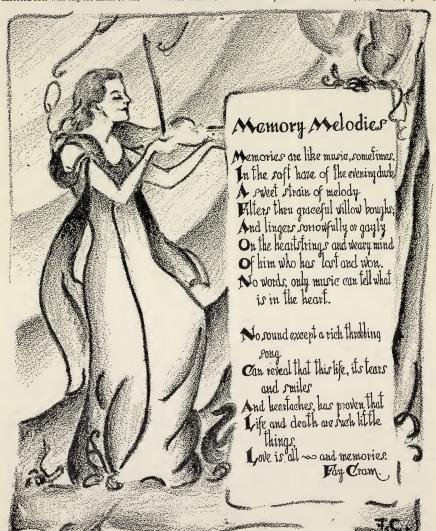
There are only two ways of combating these insect pests—poisoning them and destroying

their eggs. Entomologists have experimented with various kinds of poison baits, and have found that a mash composed of coarse wheat bran, arsenic, molasses, salt and water is the best bait. Plowing, disking, and harrowing the egg-infected soil will expose them to the

drying action of the wind and sun, or will bury them so deeply in the ground that the tiny hoppers cannot emerge to the surface when they hatch out in the spring.

NO doubt the ancient people who were afflicted with locust pla-

gues did their utmost to combat those ravaging hordes of insects, but with little success. Even as recently as 1915 in Palestine only primitive methods were used in fighting them, and the very poor people were compelled to eat the (Continued on page 448)



# POETS

#### Charity

YE who desire to be truly wise Look at another with understanding eyes.

If in your opinion he is not doing right. Have you and he conquered the same bitter fight?

Have you and he traveled the same rough road?

Have your backs been burdened with the same heavy load?

If by some magic you could borrow his

eyes, And see where his thorny rough pathway lies,

Your opinion would wither and die in rebuke And forever remain as the silent dumb

mute. Then your soul will arise

And with compassion smother, Because you'll have learned Every man is your brother.

-Eldred Knight. 40/02/00/00

#### My House For You

ALONG a winding mountain trail, Where, thru the trees, I see a glimpse of blue,

Where quaking aspens move their leaves of green, There, dear, I'll build a house for you.

A lake is near, and to its edge Come marching stalwart pines of somber

hue; And joyful birds unite in ceaseless song; I'm building there a house for you.

Wild flowers are there, and at the morn When Phoebus comes to gather up the dew-

The rustling leaves, the lake-all make me glad That here I've built my house for you.

-Birdice Crouch. 4000000

### My Boy

YOU'RE a darling little rascal, Tho' I've spanked you twice today! (My child book says that spanking Will not help you to obey.)

But you got into my icebox-And drank some heavy cream! And when I called you to me Was it temper made you scream?

Between you and your sister You broke my sewing box And found my sharpest scissors To cut your golden locks.

You're such a little angel When you're laughing in your swing-My work must cease,—I listen— With merry voice you sing.

Perhaps when you are older, And reason you can see, My course in Child Psychology Will be some use to me.

-Leone Rose.

BLESSED event is of interest A at any time and in any locality, and it is with particular pride that the Era announces the new arrival -New Poets-whose advent was predicted in an early spring number of the magazine.

Many poems have been submitted which space prevented our using; others are on hand to be printed in later issues of the Era. We are con-fident that readers of the Improvement Era will be united in their interest in the work of new writers and also in the promise it gives of greater work to come.

#### Why Should We Look on Death as Sad

Why should we look on death as sad? Why should we feel as if we had Suddenly faced an empty world When death her out-stretched arms has curled

Around a form so near our heart? We felt we could not bear to part; Our spirits lived before their birth Into their dwellings here on earth, Lived in a spirit world with God; And in that world we spirits trod Amid the works of higher form Than those now seen midst sea and storm,

Can death then end such spirits' lives As from life's stormy sea it drives The frail barks drifting o'er the tide? No, they past death's dark portals glide, To sail a calmer, broader sea Until another port they see. Thus on they sail through storm and calm, Held in the hollow of His palm; Thus on they ride, forever on, Passing from sea to sea and gone, At last to sail a sea so broad Its bounds are known to none save God. -James J. Casto.

#### C. (2) NO Welcome

WELCOME April! The Easter rabbit comes a knocking Knocking on your very door. With his Easter basket swinging, And the little song he's singing, Can't you see! Can't you hear? Oh, a month of spring is here.

Welcome May! All the breezes are so gay, Tossing perfume on the air, Scents from blossoms pink and blue, Pretty flowers of every hue Can't you see! Can't you hear? Oh a month of bloom is here.

Welcome June! All the children are a playing, School is out and books forgotten, Jumping rope and playing ball, Here is one and there is all. Can't you see! Can't you hear? Oh a month of fun is here. -Paula Bloomfield.

#### Answer

AT first I wondered why you came And hurt me so. Once, long ago, My life was young, aflame With eagerness, but now The eagerness is gone, and I am old, somehow.

I wondered why you came to me To hurt me so. But now I know. Pain has given way to clarity: Each life must run its gamut, low and high. Through loving you, I learned to suffer and to cry.

#### Beauty

-Betty Wall.

WHAT is beauty? and they answer me: VV "It is anything that is pleasing to see, The birds and the bees flitting here and there

A child kneeling while at prayer, Mountainous peaks lifted on high, Various colored clouds seen in the sky; Music holds something beautiful and true, Literature, nature-and art too, Each and everyone beautiful in its way-Sometimes sombre, mostly gay.

All these are so wonderful and fine But are they as beautiful and half as divine As that sweetest, loveliest Mother o' mine? -Billie Clarke.

#### To the Southern-Arizona Pioneer

ENDLESS plains of cacti, sage and sand, Pierced with jagged, lonely mountains Staunchly guarding a long-forsaken land, Writhing in the rays of an angry sun. White bones along the way, bleached and dry,

The rattlers' repulsive coil, The hungry vultures wheel aloft and cry, Dust clouds shift on the parched and sun-baked soil.

A struggling, slow, plodding caravan— The way has been, both hard and long, Wheels sink deep in the bleached, glimmering sand.

But grim-faced men push on and on. Night falls and the sunset flames red and gold,

Desert winds softly, wearily sigh. Purple shadows, the grim, gaunt peaks enfold

As friendly lizzards scuttle by.

Glorious stars glimmer from the blue, And a mantle of stillness descends. Men's cherished dreams are born anew. To them, its mystic strength the desert lends.

They stay to conquer and to learn, Until like the majestic Sahuaro; They too, stand unbowed, unbent and firm-

Unafraid to welcome each tomorrow. -Minnie Seaver.

# NEW AUTHORS

# "As Little Children"

By LEONE ROSE

UR little "dead end" street has such a friendly look. Beautiful elm trees line either side, and all the front porches are within calling distance of one another. But it is a lonely little lane, because no one ever calls. Quarrels over such things as parking space and stolen green apples have ended with "you low down Irish Cath-olic," and in return, "you high hat leaguer—want to run the town." This tale concerns the latter, my neighbor, up the street three doors, Mrs. Herman Ellsworth Brown, of the Montclair Junior League.

Mrs. Brown and I have three children each, of about the same ages-the only thing we have in common. There are no other little

children on the block.

It was late in October, a balmy, lazy day, when I heard little Herman Brown (everyone called him "Brownie") tell my Mary Lou about the party. The children had made a lovely bed of leaves just under the solarium windows. They were sitting now, buried nearly to their waists, and a soft rustling sound accompanied their voices.

"I'll be six, and Mother says it will be a Hallowe'en party. You

got a costume?'

"Uh-huh. Mother brought me a Japanese costume when she went away this summer. It has shoes that just cover my toes.'

"Gee, can you walk in 'em?

We're goin' to play games."
"I've got new slippers that I wear to Sunday School. Maybe they'd be better for games."

"I went to Sunday School and got a picture of Jesus." Brownie had coaxed his mother to take him to Sunday School ever since he had been in the neighborhood, because Mary Lou and the babies went every Sunday.

"I didn't get a picture of Jesus." Mary Lou was regretful, but then brightened. "But I heard about Joseph Smith."

Two mothers and two little children figure in this story by a new writer. The plot is not strong, perhaps partly because the writer says it is a true story, but the tone is sincere.

Just then the maid came for Brownie. I wondered if he would remember the name Joseph Smith. It seemed so unlikely I thought no more about it, but made a mental note to examine the Japanese costume. It would no doubt need pressing.

The Browns were always having parties for their children. Mary Lou had come home from the last one with balloons, a gift from the big pie on the table, candy, and a paper hat. I knew the Hallowe'en party would be a grand affair.

The next few days were busy ones. My cousin came to New York, enroute to Germany on a mission. Tuesday and Wednesday, as soon as the girl who sometimes helped me could come over from school. I left her with the children and went to New York.

THURSDAY there was quite a lot of accumulated work to be done. It was such a beautiful day the two little ones, Marjy, three, and Bobby, two, were put in the back yard to stay and play. As I placed a gingerbread in the oven and turned to wash the dishes. I was suddenly conscious of too much silence. I listened but could hear no chattering voices. With a shiny nose and mussy housedress I darted out the front door. There were the babies sitting contentedly on the Browns' front porch. The Brown babies always went to the park with a maid at this hour, but no doubt Marjy was going to wait for them to return. Experience had taught me that they never "stayed put," so I had better bring them where I could hear their voices. I hated calling to them, so walked up the street.

"Marjy, Mother wants you and Bobby to stay in the back yard today because I'm very busy."

"Is this cleaning day?" Marjy had heard me say busy before.

"No it isn't cleaning day but " I heard a step and Mrs. Brown came out on the porch. She had most beautiful naturally curly hair that always made me wonder how mine looked, and today she was smartly dressed for a shopping

trip, I judged.
"How do you do, Mrs. Patton." She was friendly enough at times, but never waited for anyone else to speak or finish what they began.

"Mother, we were playing we went to Sunday School," said

Marjy. "Tundy Tule," echoed Bobby. "Good morning, Mrs. Brown." I finally was heard. Marjy was pulling my hand. "Marjy, you and Bob play Sunday School is over and run home now. That's good children.

The children dashed off and Mrs. Brown said, "Your children are always playing Sunday School. Where do you go to church?"

"There's no branch of our Church in Montclair, but we have a chapel in East Orange. We're Latter-day Saints."

Brownie said "Oh indeed! Mary Lou spoke of Joseph Smith. Is yours the Mormon Church?"
"Yes we are sometimes called

Mormons because of our Book of Mormon.

Umm-I suppose." She looked worried, and then to the great relief of both of us her phone rang. I knew her maid would answer, but I had visions of my gingerbread turning up its edges with too much heat, so with no reluctance on either side we parted.

FRIDAY afternoon, just as the babies were awakening from their naps, Mary Lou came rushing in from school very much excited.

'Mother, Mother, get me ready, it's Brownie's party. I'm to wear my costume, Mother, but my new shoes, not the Japanese ones, so I

can run in the games."

My heart sank. There had been no invitation to the party, and the Browns always sent invitations. Was this because of Joseph Smith? What should I tell my child? The truth, but not quite all the truth. Maybe a little white lie.

thoughts ran pell mell.

"Mary Lou-listen just a minute. You are not invited to this party, because it's just for Brownie's cousins, and relatives. I talked to his mother vesterday. You're not invited this time, (or any other time I wondered?) because you are just a friend." cause you are just a friend." How pathetic and lame it sounded. "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll all go to the park.

"I don't want to go to the park. I want to go to the party. I know lots of Brownie's cousins. I want to go." Tears were near the sur-

face.

"Listen, honey, we can't go to parties unless we're invited.'

"Brownie invited me. Mother. He said 'did I have a costume'.

"But Brownie's mother sent in-

vitations in the mail, and we didn't

"I'll go see. I'll tell her our invitation didn't come." started so quickly down the stairs I left the babies and went after her. We sat on the steps together. Cars were stopping up the street and happy youngsters dressed as goblins and witches were chasing one another. If they would only go inside!

"I know how you feel, dear, but I'll phone Daddy to-." She was sobbing and shook off my hand when I would have petted her. I left her alone and quickly

dressed the babies.

"Why sister c'y?" asked Bobby. Mentally I answered, "Because of

Joseph Smith."

Somehow we got dressed and over to the park where Daddy picked us up in the car, and we all had ice cream before dinner-an outrageous treat.

AFTER breakfast next morning we were all in the back yard. Just as I would have called Mary Lou to help gather some late nasturtiums. Brownie came around the corner of the house. Mary Lou rushed right up to him.

"Why didn't I get an invitation to your party?" The blessed informality of children.

"Because of Joseph Smith." Brownie was nonchalant, but I gasped.

"How could he do it? He's dead."

"Is he dead? I heard Mother tell Joe's mother you belonged to his Church. Gee! I sure pulled a good one on Mother. I wouldn't eat 'till she got you, but when Gretchen came down for you, she said no one was home. Why did you go away?"

"We went to the park." Such a sad little voice for my gay Mary

"I'm going to tell Mother Joseph Smith is dead. She doesn't know, I guess." Off he tore to know, I guess," enlighten his mother.

A sigh went all through me, but I didn't know how to improve on the children's method of settling

things.

A little later in the day, Mrs. Brown came down. I broke the

"No doubt we were both a little embarrassed by the party yesterday, but in the future, if you wish, I'll have the children out of the way and we'll save all the tears." My voice trembled in spite of my intense preparation of this speech, and my smile must have been pathetic because tears came to Mrs. Brown's

"I'm so ashamed. I've never known a Mormon before. I'll never again let it make any difference with the children.

I wanted to talk to her, but we were both crying, so she left.

We are neighbors, and the ice is broken over the field of religion, with what results no one can tell.

And as far as the children are concerned, Joseph Smith is dead.

WAS once camping out hunting cattle with a bunch of men. One of them had an outlaw as an ideal. He had had an extremely smart horse and we were talking about the

sagacity of that horse when someone asked him if the horse could tell an unmarked or branded calf, as some had said he could. He said, "No, that is just a joke, but when I start him after an animal he will never lose track of it." Then he started to tell us a story. He said:

"I once went to Pioche with a bunch of beef. They were not all mine and I did not want to be seen coming back so my friend was

THE DREAMER (A Pioneer)

to keep a fire on the Iron mountain in order that I might cross the desert in the night. So I left the mountain near Desert Spring at dark. It was about ten miles before we reached the flat of the desert. I was afraid, when I reached the flat of the desert where there were low places from which I could not see the fire for some time, that I would not be able to tell where to look for the fire. But when I went into a low flat where I could

not see the light and then come on high ground where I could see it, the light of the fire was right between that horse's ears, so, I knew that he knew that that fire was where we were going. He had

learned that in the first ten miles. So all night long I had no trouble about it. He would avoid obstacles and always come back to the line. The young man thought that was

almost human.

Now I thought it taught a great lesson to mankind; it taught the necessity of having a beacon light. a great ideal in life to guide us through the desert of life, the temptations and byways. There are some who are as the scriptures say,

unstable, wafted about with every wind of doctrine. The modern way of saying it is they are drifters who are just what their environment makes them. If they had some great beacon light of a high ideal always in sight, the y wouldn't be turned so easily.

I believe a man ought to know what he would do before a great temptation came into his life. If a man took stock of himself he would know himself better and be prepared. I have a little story of

I was going to get some seed grain from a certain man. He was not at home and I had some trouble finding him. When I found him he said, "Why did you not go and get it. I would just as soon you would get it without me as with me." He said, "You go now and get the wheat. I can't go."

So I went and my boy about ten or twelve was with me when we

were sacking the grain. The boy said to me, "Daddy, I would like, when I am a man, that men will say of me the same that man said of you today."

He is a man today and is honored among men especially for his

honesty.,

All organizations of men have a constitution and by-laws. Every man is an organization and cannot live with any security without a constitution as a standard of courage and virtue.

# Through the Birches

THROUGH the Birches," one of the most highly-prized canvases in the Springville High School, was added to the school's collection in 1932 as a student body purchase.

The artist, Walter Koeniger, was born in Germany, May 6, 1881. He now lives at Woodstock, New York.

The canvas portrays a summer secene painted in clear, bright colors and breathing an atmosphere of peace and of well-being. It is such a scene as James Whitcomb Riley might have had in mind when he wrote:

"Out-of-doors I'd ruther be— Needn't fence it in for me!— Jes, the whole sky overhead, And the whole airth underneath— Sorto so's a man kin breathe Like he ort, and kindo has Elbow room to keerlessly Sprawlout lengthways on the grass In the shadders thick and soft."



MASTERLY PAINTING PURCHASED FOR SPRING-VILLE COLLECTION BY STUDENTS-1932

A HALF-FORGOTTEN road which becomes lost in the distance is intriguing in its suggestiveness of brook-gladdened meadows, of limitless expanse of sun-kissed hills and shadowy dells beyond. But always before one becomes lost in contemplation of the mysteries which lie at the end of the road, the eye is lifted "from the common sod to a purer air and a broader view" by the leafy arms of the upward-reaching birches. Their beauty and grace are enhanced by

a bright shaft of sunlight which, by the artist's magic, is more than a streak of light; it is a ray of hope, an uplift to the soul that is keenly felt as one studies the landscape.

Lord Rosebery's tribute to books may be made equally applicable to such a painting as this: "There is a time when (art) is an end in itself and that is to refresh and recruit

after fatigue, depression of spirit, or suffering. When the object is to refresh and to exalt, to lose the cares of this world in the world of imagination, then a (work of art) is more than a means. It is an end in itself. From any work, manual or intellectual, the man comes in tired and soured and falls under the spell of some great master, who raises him from the ground and takes him into a new heaven and a new earth, where he forgets his bruises and rests his limbs, and he returns to the world a fresh and happy man.'

### LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

OUBLE DOOR (Para.): Superbly done thriller concerning three remaining members of a decadent old family of wealth, in which a melodramatic story is lifted to a high plane of pictorial beauty, tense drama and genuine excitement. Adults and Young People.

VOICE IN THE NIGHT (Colum.): Though melodramatic in spots, this story of the work of a telephone company in carrying service to humanity will have an appeal for the entire

Family.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (United Artists): A fascinating performance in which George Arliss plays a lovable old gentleman who uses his wits to set things right. Pervaded with humor, fine idealism and a sense of justice, it is unique and refreshing and leaves a satisfying impression. Family, except young children.

HALF A SINNER (Univ.): Somewhat machine-made melodrama, based on the play "Alias the Deacon," in which a wandering card sharper drops into a little town and plays the good fairy to young lovers and avenger to a crooked gang. Adults and Young

People.

ISLE OF FURY (Warners): Story of political Irish question, with both sides handled sympathetically and interwoven with a love story and much charm. Adults and Young People.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Cent.): Exciting detective story with never a moment between hair-breadth escapes and hilarious comedy. Wedding-night comedy mars an otherwise delightful melodrama. Adults.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M. G. M.): Story of two boys, orphaned in boyhood, who are raised as brothers, and continue their devotion through life, although their paths take one into positions of high idealism and the other into ways of crime. Strong cast and superb direction. Adults.

MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warners): Melodramatic mystery of unprincipled husband who has hypnotic power over his actress wife. Clever production of its type. Adults and Young People.

AFFAIRS OF CELLINI (20th Century): Lavish pageantry of 16th century court life with story lagging far behind settings in interest. Questionable taste mars the entire production. Frank Morgan splendid.

VIVA VILLA (M. G. M.): Perpar not historically accurate, yet Pancho Villa becomes very real—a valiant roisterer, cruel savage, yet sorrowing peon, worshiping his guiding spirit. Adults.

### Among the Best This Month

FOR FAMILY

City Limits (Monogram). Ferocious Pal (Principal). I'll Tell the World (Universal). Man Trailer (Columbia). Tarzan and His Mate (M. G. M.). Voice in the Night (Columbia).

FOR ADULTS AND YOUNG ADULTS All Men Are Enemies (Fox).

Beyond Bengal (Showmen's Picture).

The Double Door (Paramount). Such Women Are Dangerous (Fox). Twenty Million Sweethearts (First

National). Viva Villa (M. G. M.). The Witching Hour (Paramount).

The seven groups who preview pictures and make up these lists, classify audience as follows: Children—up to 14 years; Adolescents—from 14 to 18 years; Young Adults—18 to 25 years; Family—children accompanied by adults.

LITTLE MISS MARKER: One of the best pictures of the year. Equal in production values and story to Lady for a Day, it has as well the plus value of Shirley Temple, the new child actress who puts the breath of life into her acting. Family.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox):



"LITTLE MISS MARKER"

A young Englishman parted by the Great War from the girl he loves deeply, finds her after tragic years. Beautifully acted, with lovely settings, the tragic charm which finds a comforting solution, carries unusual power. Children would not enjoy it.

CITY LIMITS (Monogram): Fast moving story of dyspeptic railroad president who falls off his car into a hobo camp will entertain entire Family.

MERRY ANDREW (Fox): Will Rogers in an amusing and pathetic role of a small-town business man whose wife insists on his selling out to a chain, leaving him nothing to do. Familu.

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Colum.): Fine human story of a frail little cleaning woman in a college dormitory who finds her son, long lost, one of the boys for whom she cleans. Without disclosing herself, she helps him through a crisis. Family.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox): Pleasant, clean little social comedy of captivating novelist who finds himself in complications. Family.

WHIRLPOOL (Colum.): Story of released convict who meets his winsome 20 year old daughter, whom he has never known, and the joyous week they spend together. With much melodrama, and no attempt at greatness, it succeeds in being unbelievably appealing. Adults and Young People.

THE WITCHING HOUR (Para.):

THE WITCHING HOUR (Para.): fluence done captivatingly and brilliantly, in spite of an outworn plot. Human characterizations. Family, except young children.

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox): Four college graduates in New York seeking their fortunes form the basis for a charming and effective picture. Gaynor and Farrell re-united. Family.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners): Romance of golden-voiced singer on the radio. Clean and entertaining revue. Family.

CALL IT LUCK (Fox): When a London "cabby" wins a small fortune and brings his lovely young niece to New York, he finds a way to get even with the men who fleece him. Nice blend of fantasy and realism. Family.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN (Warners):
Joe E. Brown is remarkable in his
trapese work under the big tent but
certain unfortunate elements preclude
its recommendation for children.
Adults and Young People.

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS (Para.): Clever, though not convincing, picture of a princess set down in America, and when she has mumps, a double has to take her place. Family.

### GLANCING THROUGH



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#### Life Ends at Forty

Anonymous (Forum for April, 1934)

AM a single woman of forty, and I know right well that I am not standing with expectant feet on the threshhold of life. No religion, no brand of scientific optimism, no cheer leader for middle age can alter this conviction. For forty years I have been literally drugged with the senti-mentality which was fostered in me and the principles imbedded in me so that now at forty, through a grim determination to be an individual and not an echo of my parents, I have been jerked out of the pleasant paths of sentimentalism into the realism that is life. I know that life does not begin at forty.

I can't, of course, speak for the whole human race; many will contend that mine is a special case, for I am a spinster and a school teacher, and was cursed as a child with fanatically pious parents. But is mine a special case? Women today, from thirty-five to forty-five, are a damned race. They may be found on every hand—impotent Rachels weeping not for their children, but for their lost woman-hood, refusing to be comforted for no comfort is possible. Everything that meant life to them has gone up in smoke. For them old things are shattered and they cannot adjust themselves to the new.

And what is offered them? Health, exercise, diet—a sane regimen of work and play. Imagine such advice for an intelligent person! Where is the book that will suggest substitutes for the real things in a woman's life? Give us an youth monopolized; for the charm that will check the ebbing tides of a woman's love. Show us that it is possible to be romantic at forty—that it is possible to know the experiences to which every woman has a right. Countless women know that there are no substitutes for these things.

Being a spinster hasn't much to do with the situation. I know many women of forty who are married—but who are spinster-minded, due to Purian upbringing. One refined, cultured, religious woman recently said to me: "Any extreme of honesty is better than the ignorance and lies on which I was reared. My marriage is a nightmare—I cannot adjust—I merely school myself to endure." Her curse was that her upbringing had made her spinster-minded.

Yes, it is all too tragically true that for many life ends at forty; those who know that three things are necessary to living, know that at forty they have not a sporting chance of finding them; -money, a mission and a mate. There are thousands who will denounce me for listing money as one of the vital needs. Let them denounce! I am not talking of riches-merely of money that makes food and clothes and education and health and play possible. A few years ago I would have extolled the virtues of Lady Poverty as zealously as any of her worshipers; but I have turned apostate. I used to believe that "My gold is laid up in sun-sets, safe from thieves, and all my current silver is in the stars," but now I know that when we make stars and sunsets synonymous with material commodities we are lying. It is my experience that people who claim that money is non-essential live on the earnings of others. In the depression I lost my saving-at forty I am faced with the necessity of starting all over to save for my old age. I worked hard for it and stinted myself to save it; and when well-intentioned friends tell me to count my blessings and forget the bank, I see red. Money is essential in my life, and will be in every woman's life as long as she is judged by her clothes, complexion and beautyparlor hairdress. If a woman starts out to make money at forty, what must she do? Exercise, dress, massageeverything to hide the truth that she has reached this delectable age. The world wants youth—and at forty youth is over and done for a woman.

So much for money! How about a woman's second need-a mission? I purposely use that word instead of "profession," for mission means that for which one is called or sent or predestined. I hold that a woman's mission is to look after a home and to bear and rear children, intelligently, and for the man she loves. I was by nature one who wanted to cuddle dolls and kiss little boys. But to what avail? I was taught that a man who would come courting wanted a soul-union: that the things of the body were low. But now I know that a man wants in a woman a lovely body as well as intelligence and spirituality-for she is to be the mother of his children.



And at forty there is little chance of filling this mission. I bolster up my courage by declaring that I am engaged in the noblest of all duties—that of school teacher: but I know that no one is more subject to taunts and ridicule than the school teacher—that perfect type of good, heroic womanhood. I find some balm in letters from parents which I read on lonely nights—telling me how much I have helped this one, or that. But behind the successful school teacher is the real me—a lonely woman in the forties who has failed in her real mission.

And lastly, what of a woman's need for a mate? This is so elemental that one hardly needs enlarge upon it. Does life begin at forty in this regard? No. Men do not mate readily with a woman of forty, and for, her the love that transfigures, that makes her a flame dancing on a mountain top, is no longer possible. Today the words that wring my heart and bring a sob to my throat are those uttered by Christina Rosetti, who refused for religious scruples two men who had offered her their love, and regretted her folly ever after:

"Too late for love,
Too late for love!
Too late! Too late!
Too long you lingered on the road
And loitered at the gate."

To awaken at forty and realize that it is too late for love—that is tragedy. And nothing can be done about it. I never feel, even in my loneliness, to blame my parents; they wrought as they thought best. But if I meet them in the vaster halls of death I shall say. "It was a pitiful mistake. The body you taught me to renounce was beautiful—far too sensitive a thing to have been created by an intelligent God for the sole purpose of subjugation. I learned too late that it was a lovely, living thing—capable of ecstasy; not the enemy of the soul, but the expression of it."

Of course at forty one is able to develop a protective stoicism; I have lost my venture in life and I know it—poets and philosophers must come to my aid. I can drench myself in transcendentalism. I can continue to shape the immortal souls of my pupils. The cynicism now mine is not despair—it is rather the virtue of a calm courage retained by one disappointed in life. I know all this. So be it! But let no one tell me to awake, arise, for forty is here, and life's glorious morning is dawning and I can begin to live! Like hell I can

### Renascence at Forty

By Lucile Grenbenc (Forum for June, 1934)

(Replying to "Life Ends at Forty")

AS I take stock of myself at forty, I find a woman with healthy chest-nut hair, good skin and eyes, a few crowsfeet, a trace of heaviness under the chin and a line setting from the nasal folds to the corners of the mouth. And I find one who is just beginning to live; who has suddenly found life full of mystery and hitherto unguessed charm—a woman who like a perennial is just waking up; the preparatory period is over; the physical development is left behind; the spirit is coming into its own.

Money-for what? There is too much talk about its importance in these times. In my experience, money, as such, has no bearing upon my contacts with others, particularly in forming and holding friendships. Beauty parlors are not a necessity-hair can be shampooed by oneself and creams applied for the keeping soft of the skin -and there is something repulsive to me about a middle-aged woman trying to shake off ten years or more. And with the focussing of attention upon the outward signs of appearance, all sight of the inward woman is lost. We have failed as women if middle age has not replaced youth's values. Youth has only youth-age has better things -understanding, richness, tolerance. I am happier than many who have money, for no amount of it could make me any happier than I am with what I have.

So much for money; now what of a mission in life? I am like other women, with a deep-seated desire to give-which might mean to reproduce. But life is not so simple now as in the dawn of history; spiritual and mental factors now complicate the simple physical process of perpetuating the species. As I look about me in maternity wards of hospitals I wonder where all these poor infants with poor heritable backgrounds will go. fatuous argument that one never knows when another Edison or Beethoven may be found, leaves me cold. For myself, I would rather continue sterile than to add by one jota to the aggregate of mediocrity simply to express a biological urge in me which can be diverted to other channels. To have a child merely for the sake of having one is egotism.

And now the mate problem! So Rachel need not sit down in the ash heap and mourn; there is every possibility of marriage for ten years yet; all desirable men are not permanently annexed. But suppose there is no man for the woman of forty. Life still does not end. Why should it? The whole of existence, of which marriage is only

a part, is based upon a compensatory scheme. Suppose I don't experience in full measure the perfect union before I die? Suppose I don't have a child? What then? Nothing. Nothing at all. It would be a loss, but would not stop in a single degree the continued growth of my spirit, or prevent me from experiencing new joys in the miracle we call life. There is still April rain washing away the frost of winter and uncovering the first shy buds of awakening nature; there is still the sun climbing higher every day, and the wheeling stars at night. As I stand in the deep grass of the wet earth, with a pellucid dome overhead, I sense about me an invisible presence-imperturbable, impersonal, dispassionate-of which I, as a unit, am an infinitesimal part. Life ending at forty? I have just discovered that it begins. And what a wealth of discovery lies still before me!

### Challenge to Middle Age

Anonymous (Harper's for June, 1934)

WHEN I was a child, I feared middle age, for the grown people about me all were smilingly indulgent and dull-and I willed myself never to become like them. As I grew older and realized that symptoms of middle age were upon me, I felt that life had beaten me; all I could do was to watch apprehensively as it robbed me of the different stages of the cherished glow of youth. However, the latent egotism which saves human beings from despair, told me that middle-age still was far away; and in my youth I had deter-mined to stave it off longer than anyone else in the world ever had done it. And in this frame of mind I met my fatal fortieth birthday—I still felt young, and all my friends seemed

Then a curious thing happened. My friends—three of them—passed through my mind with analytical clarity, and my evaluation of them showed me new truths. One, who gave every appearance of mental and physical activity, had set into a mold; she did not think any longer—she only seemed to think because she so forcefully expressed the ideas she had been thinking for years. Another, divorced years before and adopting a resentful attitude toward men, had for fifteen years re-

mained completely static, grimly holding on to a pattern of behavior which she had established in youth, and her rigid adherence to it had shut her out of many new experiences and made further development impossible. The third one I saw engaged in such an active struggle to hold on to charm and magnetism of youth that she was becoming almost ridiculous in the mechanics of her battle to remain young.

That night I considered myself, my behavior, my mental reactions, in the new light which had come to me. had lost youth, and perhaps elasticity and flexibility as well. I recalled a conversation with a young girl I had had a few days previously, during which she had expressed an idea entirely new to me and my first impulse had been to dismiss it-because it was new. Youth had challenged my middle-aged superiority, and instead of listening with interest to what this girl had had to say, I had rejected it. Before I knew it, my assumption of superiority might close my ears and eyes to all the new and strange things happening in the world around me. What sort of person was I, really? Was middle-age going to submerge me, in spite of my life-long determination to the contrary? As days wore on, I became more and more aware that much of my behavior ran in set grooves; that my middle age was not even a deterioration toward decay-it was just a plateau on which all significant spiritual growth had ceased—a static state. We who had achieved a sense of security in our early thirties resisted any change from that state-to change would be to risk our security. I realized that the first thing I must do was to abandon any hope of security.-that is destructive. I must impose upon myself discipline having two aspects: one, a cheerful acceptance of my own unimportance; two, the substitution of deliberate for unconscious activity.

This was years ago-but once I had made the readjustment of values by attacking the fundamental causes of middle-aged attitudes, the objectionable symptoms disappeared. losing my own sense of superiority I found the advantage of being able to listen receptively to the ideas of others -old and young. I found that there was an art in the efficient management of middle-aged life-that of doing nothing merely from force of habitbut only from a driving interest. Now, chronologically, I have passed though middle age, but I believe I have escaped The rapid social its destructiveness. reorganization of the time has made flexibility necessary, and only those who are alert and vital, who are curious about life, elastic enough to assimilate new ways of thinking and living, can adjust themselves to altered circumstances and face the future without fear. I can.

#### Clouds

By Fern Rose McBride

T LIKE fluffy, gentle clouds
Floating 'gainst the quiet blue
And the tinted ones that linger
When the sun is through.

But of all the shapes and colors
To me, the nicest kind
Is the clouds—which like our troubles—
Are often silver-lined.

## WARD TEACHING \*

### New Form of Teachers' Messages

EGINNING with this issue the monthly message for Ward Teachers will appear in the Era in the short form which proved to be so popular when in use some months ago. This will be the plan until further notice. The message in its present form is intended to be used as the basis only for the visit of the Teachers to the homes of the Saints. It contains the ideas intended for use by the Teachers, not the words or expressions. Best results are obtained where the message as printed in the Era is studied carefully by someone appointed for the purpose and then dis-cussed before the Ward Teachers at the regular monthly meeting. Those present can then, by individual study of the message, prepare themselves to present it in the proper spirit. A hurried reading in an attempt to memorize the words or to pick out the central thought is not sufficient. prayerful study is required if the real purpose of the visits is to be accomplished. The message is intended to furnish foundation for such study.

#### Summer Teaching

IN some instances Ward Teachers appear to have the impression that because some of the Church organizations adjourn for the summer there should also be a vacation from teaching. At a time when other groups are inactive and members are left to themselves more than during the winter season is the time when the responsibility of the Priesthood is greatest. There is no vacation for the Priesthood. It is charged with the responsibility of looking after the Saints, not for some special period of the year but at all times. Summer teaching is as important as teaching at any other season.

### Fifteen Year Old Teacher Wins Convert

IN a fast meeting in one of the wards of Ensign stake recently striking evidence of the effectiveness of Ward Teaching by young men was given by one of the speakers. He related the circumstance surrounding his own conversion to "Mormonism" in Germany more than thirty years ago. His first contact with the Church came when, during a visit to the home of a friend the "Mormon" Teachers called.

One was an Elder of advanced age. His companion was a fifteen year old boy. Although both participated in the conversation the speaker stated that his conversion came about through the testimony of the boy.

Three weeks after the first meeting he was baptized and for thirty years he has been an active and faithful member. In the past eight years, he said, he has done Temple work for more than seven hundred of the dead.

### Teaching by Ordained Teachers

Assignments for Ordained Teachers

BISHOP SMITH: If you have been studying carefully your Priesthood activity reports, you will find that the one lacking most is that of the ordained Teachers. We feel that the Lord intended that we should do just what he said should be done in Section 20 of the Doctrine and Covenants, which is as follows: "The Teachers' duty is to watch over the Church always and be with and strengthen them, and see that there is no iniquity in the Church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking, and see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the

members do their duty. It is surprising how many of us there are who feel that that job is beyond the ability of the ordained Teacher to master. If we follow through with some other passages of Section 84 we will find that the Lord says: "And if any man among you be strong in the spirit, let him take with him him that is weak, that he may be edified in all meekness, that he may become strong also. Therefore, take with you those who are ordained unto the Lesser Priesthood, and send them before you to make appointments and to prepare the way and to fill appointments that you yourselves are not able to fulfill. Behold, this is the way that mine apostles in ancient days built up my Church unto me. Therefore, let every man stand in his own office and labor in his own calling, and let not the head say unto? the feet, it hath no need of the feet, for without the feet, how shall the body be able to stand. Also, the body hath need of every member that all may be edified together, that the system may be kept perfect.'

We believe, and demonstrations have clearly proven the wisdom of carrying (Continued on page 433)

### Ward Teachers' Message, August, 1934

Prepared by OSCAR W. McCONKIE, Under Appointment of the Presiding Bishopric

### Finite vs. Infinite THE DIVINE PLAN

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints is precisely what the name implies, towit: Jesus Christ's Church, established in latter days with the Lord administering its affairs through divinely commissioned but fallible representatives. Notwithstanding human weaknesses these authorized disciples of the Divine Being may become, through obedience, chosen of God, and may be prophets, seers and revelators, worthy and fully commissioned to teach and to officiate in all the spiritual needs of the Church. Such is the divine plan and is consonant with God.

#### THE LODE STAR

In the Church there are no honorary offices or dignities or stereotyped formulas. All appointments are made pursuant to divine authority and all its activities respond to divine inspiration. The Church being Christ's His will, as made known through the prayer of faith, is satisfying. The Lord's will, not man's, is the lode star, and no refinement of argument can make it otherwise. To demand group

or other representation in the councils of the Church: to seek repeal or modification of revealed truth; or to hedge about the divine will—the infinite, with finite wisdom is to subvert God's purposes and to make proclamation of human superiority over the divine. The thought is illegitimate, born of recalcitrance.

#### THE PEOPLE'S VOICE

It is thinkable that divine inspiration may not support human judgment in an individual choice, but even then the appointment having been made by one duly authorized the appointee, when accepted and approved by the vote of the Church, becomes God's anointed and divinely approved and, proportionate to his faithfulness, is magnified in the discharge of duty. Thus, whether one responds to direct revelation or to the human judgment of commissioned authority, it is the same. Each is the voice of God. It is so with questions of doctrine and policy. For example, when the people of the Church approved and adopted the Manifesto, monogamy became as binding law upon all the people of the Church as though it had been written by the finger of God.

### \* AARONIC PRIESTHOOD \*

#### Adult Aaronic Priesthood Lessons

The Improvement Era for June were printed the first seven lessons in a course outlined for adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood by Elder George W. Skidmore of Logan. Utah, and now being used by him with unusual success in the Logan Ninth ward of Cache stake. Lessons 8 to 12 are published this month. The series will continue each month until the full course, 52 lessons are completed. These lessons are also being published serially in the Church section of the Deseret News. It is urged that those responsible for adult classes in the Aaronic Priesthood save the lessons as they appear.

#### LESSON EIGHT

1. Suffering and Death of Jesus Christ. (Brief.)

2. Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Prophecy fulfilled.

- 3. Résurrection of Mankind. (Brief.) (An entire lesson will be devoted to the Resurrection. See Lesson 37.)
  - 4. Advent of Adam and Eve.

5. Garden of Eden.

6. Fall of Adam and Eve. Death. 7. Third Article of Faith, "We believe that through the Atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel." (It is not intended here to give a detailed treatise of all the subjects outlined but to generalize. Emphasis is to be placed on the third Article of Faith.)

#### References

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Genesis. Pearl of Great Price.

#### LESSON NINE

1. Review briefly The Fall of Adam.

2. The Atonement Explained. Why necessary.

3. The Resurrection explained. Literal.

4. General Salvation through the Atonement.

5. Individual Salvation Through the Atonement and by obedience to the Laws and Ordinances of the Gospel.

 Second Article of Faith, "We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's Transgression."

7. Interweave and review briefly what has been given in previous lessons concerning Faith, Repentance, Baptism and Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

(This lesson if given under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit will have a convincing and converting influence on the members of the class who are seeking a testimony.)

#### References

Mediation and Atonement by John Taylor. The Gospel by Roberts, Chs. 2, 3 and 4.

#### LESSON TEN

1. Review Lessons six, seven, eight and nine. (The class having had experience of review as in Lesson Five will commence, if properly handled, to ask and answer questions. Members of the committee or aids can be of assistance in the review.)

#### LESSON ELEVEN

1. Mission, Authority and Calling of Peter, James and John.

What we know of Melchizedek.
 Restoration of Melchizedek
 Priesthood.

4. Review briefly Aaronic Priesthood.

5. Why two Priesthoods?

6. Duties and Privileges of those holding the Aaronic Priesthood.

7. Duties and Privileges of those holding the Melchizedek Priesthood.
8. Reverence for those holding po-

sitions of Responsibility in the Priest-hood.

(Topics 6 and 7 should be given to the class by a member of the Bishopric.

#### References

Doc. and Cov. 7:4-7; 49:11-14; 128:10, 11. Bible Dictionary, pages 84, 90, 103, 120. Mark 3:37; Matt. 17:1; Mark 9:2; Luke 9:27, 28. Matt. 26:36, 37. Acts 12:1, 2; Gal. 1:19. Epistles of James. Matt. 4:21, 22. Index and Concordance of

Doc. and Cov., page 297. See Priesthood of Aaron, also Priesthood, Mel-bizedek, page 297. History of the Church, Vol. I, footnote, page 40. Gospel Doctrine, pages 204, 206, 209, 211, 213, 223, 236, 242, 244, 245, 246 and 250.

#### LESSON TWELVE

 Show how the Lord has made known His mind and Will to His children on earth from earliest time until now.

3. Discuss and explain Revelations, Chapter 22, verses 18 and 19.

4. Give scriptural evidences that God will continue to reveal His mind and will to men.

5. Discuss Inspiration—Revelation.

 Have officers of the class, or any others present—members or visitors to testify to their prayers having been answered.

(This lesson is given at this time to engender faith in the members of the class, that God revealed Himself to the Prophet Joseph Smith which accounts for the inspiration in the Prophet in his work of translating the Book of Mormon, leading up to Lesson 13.)

#### References

Gen. 1:27-30; 2:16-25; 3:7-23; 6:13; 12:1, 15:7; 17:1-8; 26:2-5; 28:10-25; Ex. 3:6-16; 28:1. Numbers 17:7; 27:18-23; Deut. 34:9; Mark 3:14; John 15:16; 17:18; 20:21, 22, 23. See references in Compendium, pages 24, 25. These refer to the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. Read lecture 16 in Article of Faith by Talmage.



EMIGRATION WARD VANGUARDS, VANBALL CHURCH CHAMPIONS, 1933-34 Left to right: Lamont Stevens, Mark Ward, Morris Christensen, Hulbuk Keddington, Burt Keddington, Roy Johnson, Leader; John Reve, Lyle Ward, Aaron Fagergren, Adelbert Whitaker,

Emigration Ward Vanguards Excel in Priesthood Activity as Well as in Sports

LEADING the stake in Aaronic Priesthood activity, engaging in ward teaching 100%, observing the Word of Wisdom, every member enrolled in Sunday School and the leading class in M. I. A. activities are some of the achievements of the Emigration Ward, Liberty Stake, Vanguards, in addition to winning the Church-wide championship in vanball. In a report of the activities of the group, requested by the Era, A. L. (Roy) Johnson,

Vanguard leader, includes the follow-"Our Vanguard Club is completely organized with a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Athletic Mgr. and Team Captain. "Our meetings are carried on in a

dignified and business-like manner with class officers conducting until all business is transacted, when the time is turned over to me for lesson work. Our class meetings are opened and closed with prayer. We aim to have a testimony meeting once a month. It is surprising what fine testimonies the boys bear. I consider these meetings some of our best. I recommend this idea to other leaders. To break the monotony I have brought in detectives, aviators, and other professional men who have given the boys interest-

ing talks.
"We plan some sort of social once Vanguards and partners. Now that the vanball season is over we are taking up retold story, music, and gleaning material for our

individual scrapbooks.

"Since organizing three years ago, we have had 90% of the boys in the ward enrolled in our class. Our average attendance has been over 85% of the total enrollment of the Sunday School. In Aaronic Priesthood activity the teacher's quorum of Emigration Ward leads Liberty Stake. Members of the troop have won distinction in high school, operas, oratorical contests,

I have not been absent or tardy from officer's prayer meeting, or Mutual meeting in three years. I have missed

but one Union meeting.

The boys were the only class in our Mutual to pay the Mutual fund without outside help, turning in 100% fifteen days after the opening. They also sold 100% Gold and Green Ball

We are the one class in our Mutual to make a financial success of an entertainment, selling \$43.00 in tickets for our musical, enough to pay our registration at Scout headquarters, and buy seventeen uniforms.

Not a member of our class uses tobacco, or strong drinks, and they boast about it.

Our activities are carried on regularly through the summer. We play baseball for recreation.

The boys have become so chummy that they are almost inseparable. They play together, sing together, work together, and 85% are ward teachers, not with older partners, but together.

Six boys of the class will be ineligible for Vanguard activities this fall, including three members of the vanball team. Rather than spoil the fine chummy spirit that now exists I am sending to the M Men every boy who is 17 years of age. This will leave us without an experienced vanball player.

I must not close this report without saying a few well deserved things about Mrs. Johnson. She has been back of me in this work 100%, and without her fine cooperation and help our class could not have accomplished what it has. Through the fine training of Ray Keddington, the Vanguards have developed a chorus that we are all proud of, and now call ourselves the singing Vanguards. Every Vanguard is a member of the chorus.

Our Class Slogan is this— "We give people the right to judge

us by our conduct and personal appearance."

#### Book of Remembrance Awards

A WARDS for Book of Remembrance activities for this year are now available through the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City. The covers and sheets for each book are 60c, complete with all recommended awards. The coat of arms award with emblems to complete the Deacons and Priests awards for this year, when purchased separately cost 10c.

Strengthening the Program for Young Men of the Church

(From Remarks of Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon at Aaronic Priesthood Convention October 7, 1933)

MAINTAINING the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Plan - We would like to say to you that we think this Aaronic Priesthood correlation plan should not be side-tracked in any way. It is just as important now as it was when it was first presented. All the people who have charge of boys of the ages 12 to 20 years should be there. That is, besides the bishopric, the Aaronic Priesthood supervisors should be there, representatives of each of the Mutual, Sunday School, etc., should be there and every other person in charge of boys between the ages stated, so that they may work with inactive boys and prepare them to take active part in the Church. This correlation plan is a plan for which the

presidencies of stakes and bishoprics of wards are responsible. We feel sure that if you carry it forward systematically and thoroughly, you will get fine results in reclaiming boys who need our greatest attention.

Holding Boy Men in Boy Work-We have asked that the men to be selected as ward supervisors should be the men who are best qualified for this work in the ward. We think it advisable that the bishopric should select men who are best qualified to win and influence the boys in the Aaronic Priesthood. We call them boy men—men who have the welfare of the young men at heart. We feel that when they are selected they should be retained in this position and not called to some other position. There is opportunity for good in this work as there is nowhere else. We would like to convert you to this viewpoint: that these men, if they are the right kind, are worthy of the greatest respect in their efforts to train the young men of the Aaronic Priesthood. The preparation of these bous in their Priesthood work is the greatest work of the men in the Church. They will be the future leaders of the Church if they get the spirit of the Priesthood. I have repeatedly said that the important thing is leadership. There can be no success without it. Where there is poor leadership there is usually inactivity. Where there is good leadership, it never fails in success with boys. It is a matter for serious consideration. Word has come to us that in some instances men who are doing fine work in the Aaronic Priesthood are changed to other positions. For instance, we heard of one young man who was doing splendid work as supervisor in one of the quorums. He was released to become second counselor in the Ward M. I. A. I am sure that the ward is losing out by taking him out of the position where he can exercise his influence directly with these fine young men as a supervisor of the Priesthood. Then there was another young man who had secured the activity of practically every boy in the quorum, who was released from this work to become assistant in the ward Sunday School superintendency. Some people may think this is a promotion. I do not think it is as far as real service and real blessings are concerned. It is the benefit of the individual young man we are concerned about. Let us select the best qualified men we have for these positions and then leave them there and let them develop in these positions. We heard in one of our recent conventions from one chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood Committee who has been in that work for six years in the ward. The work he has accomplished is remarkable. It is something that cannot be done in a week, six months, or a year. It takes years and when they have the spirit of it, it grows on them as they work in it. (Continued on page 433)



# June Conference Flashes

### By HENRY A. SMITH

NOTHER June M. I. A. Conference has gone into the annals of history and there remains the pleasant sensation of having seen history in its making.

Youth and their perplexing problems were given a full consideration and their demands or should we say, desires, were answered, some affirmatively and some negatively. The entire time of two general sessions was given over to youth, one featuring the young people themselves and the other featuring discussions by general board members on the perplexing problem of youth and religion.

We pause briefly. That pause is to decide in our minds which was the outstanding feature of the conference just closed. In our mind's eye we seemed to see the tall, inspiring figure of President Heber J. Grant and are forcibly reminded that perhaps never before at a Mutual Conference have we been so thoroughly impressed with the leadership of this man.

Standing before the assembled M. I. A. delegates from all parts of the Church, President Grant twice inspired the souls of all who listened with the magnitude of his testimony of the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His especial message to the conference seemed to be that there was no doubt in his mind of the truth of the Gospel and to impress upon all the fact that it was God's Church and that while man might stray, the Gospel of Jesus Christ would never again be taken from the earth.

President Anthony W. Ivins and President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., also impressed the delegates assembled Sunday afternoon, with the values of personal testimonies of the Gospel and the promises that youth might themselves know of a certainty of the truth of the Gospel as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

THE three thousand or more M. I. A. leaders who attended the general session Saturday morning. June 9, in the Assembly Hall, will long remember the inspiration and the message of that meeting. Four talks at this meeting, each a gem of real value and designed as an answer

to problems stated before the general board in its recent "Attitudes of Youth" survey, were given by four persons, each well qualified for this duty. The messages called for a high standard of morality and made an appeal for M. I. A. leaders to meet youth on their own grounds. Be patient and tolerant with youth, who in their inexperience seem to be facing insurmountable obstacles in making their present day social life conform with the ideals of their religion, was the message of importance from this meeting. The speakers were Second Assistant General Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard, Oscar A. Kirkham, executive director of the M. I. A.; Professor Joseph F. Smith, of the Y. M. M. I. A. general Board, and Elsie T. Brandley, associate editor of The Improvement Era and a member of the Y. W. M. I. A. general board.

The inspired voices of more than 3,000 singers lifted in perfect unison under the magic baton of that wizard of choral conducting. Noble Cain, swelled the hearts of many thousands to overflowing in

a magnificent performance Satur-

day evening. June 9.

This great festival chorus, the pick of singing talent from all parts of the Church, exceeded in number the one held two years ago, but it would be hard to distinguish between the two for quality of per-The great chorus, formance. trained in their stakes and divisions and then rehearsed under the baton of Mr. Cain, reached the essence of perfection before a great audience that filled the Tabernacle to overflowing.

THE fact that this was perhaps the last year of contest participation in the cultural fields, did not dampen the ardor of those who reached the grand final events in Salt Lake. Participation in each field attained a standard of high quality that bespoke unusual interest in these events throughout the stakes and wards during the year.

Winners in all events were outstanding masters in the various fields and a credit to the great Church-wide system of cultural participation in which more than 50,000 people have achieved honors during the past year.

contest winners were:

Original dance, Fred Slater and Leta Brazier, of the Eighteenth ward. Ensign stake: gold and green tango waltz, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rockwell of the Oakland ward of the San Francisco stake; drama, by the Long Beach ward of Los Angeles stake, who presented "The Conflict" with Mrs. K. M. Christensen, Rex Richards, Laverne Stallings and Loraine Johnson as members of the cast; M Men public speaking, Myron Walker, Syracuse ward of the North Davis stake; Gleaner Girls public speaking, Miss Wilma Salisbury of Independence, Mo., representing the Central States mission; Vanguard retold story, Jay Ashton, of Gooding, Idaho, representing the Blaine stake; and the Junior girl retold story, Miss Norma Price, of Phoenix, Arizona.

Many hundreds of delegates to the conference were guests of the M. I. A. at a reception and luncheon held Friday evening at Saltair, where a delicious lunch was served and the crowd packed the pavilion dance hall to capacity to witness the finals in both the original and

contest dances.

Department sessions this year were usually outstanding. Perhaps

this was made so due to the fact that for the first time all of the manuals for next year's study were prepared and availed for the June conference department sessions, adding to the value and the interest in discussion at the meetings.

M. I. A. members assembled took upon themselves a tremendous task when they aligned themselves with the forces of traffic control in a correlated effort to reduce the number of accidents and fatalities caused by reckless driving and to make automobile driving safer for all concerned.

'Be not only careful yourself as drivers but see that others are careful" was the admonition given. It all resolves itself into a "three-toot" campaign. The presence of an M. I. A. officer and member is made known to a driver violating any traffic laws, by the sounding of three short "toots." The drive is on now.

At the conclusion of another conference, truly a spiritual feast, we feel more deeply our debts of gratitude to General Superintendent George Albert Smith of the Y. M. M. I. A. and President Ruth May Fox of the Y. W. M. I. A. and the host of inspired men and women who comprise the general boards. Their wisdom and foresight, and their particular fitness as leaders of the young men and women of the Church is felt more keenly by us with another personal contact at a great conference in Salt Lake.

#### Sunday Evening Joint Program for August

1. Song-Congregation-"What Was Witnessed in the Heavens?"

Prayer.
 Solo—"The Seer."

4. Individual testimony by young man (5 minutes).

5. Individual testimony by young girl (5 minutes).

6. Male quartette-"Nearer My God

to Thee.'

7. Address—"What is a Testimony Worth?"

(Note: The following is a suggestive outline, but suggestive only. This subject requires great thought, study and research. It should be treated under the influence of prayer. If so treated it will hold attention of the audience and move them to a spiritual attitude. References—look up the word "testimony" in the index and concordance of the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants.)

a. Definition: A declaration or affirmation to support a fact.

b. In a religious sense one cannot receive celestial glory without a testimony of Jesus or be in the first resurrection. Cov. 76:51-79. Doc. and

c. A testimony is worth more than life itself, for John saw the souls of those that died for the testimony of Jesus. Rev. 20:4.

d. By the testimony of one man-Jonah-the people of a whole city were saved. Jonah, Chap.

e. We are in the Church and the Land of Zion because of the testimony of Joseph Smith. (Church History, Essentials of Church History, Whitney's History, One Hundred Years of Mormonism.")

f. Salvation of the individual and the strength of the Church rests on the individual testimony.

Give personal testimony. 8. Chorus—"I Know That My Re-deemer Lives."

9. Prayer, by Patriarch if present.

### Brigham Young and the Gift of Tongues

Editor, Improvement Era. Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Sir:

AM writing to you in relation to an incident that happened in the life of incident that happened in the life of President Brigham Young, in the early settlement of Utah; and of which I find no mention in Church History. Along about 1890, Jesse W. Fox., Sr., who was in early days the principal surveyor of Utah's settlements, both North and South, accompanied President Young on his trips and laid out the principal towns of our state. Brother Fox related to me about the time above mentioned, that he had heard President Young on two or three occasions talk to the Indians in their own tongue.

The Indians were at different times quite opposed to the Mormons settling Southern Utah. President Young often said, "It is better to feed the Indians, than to fight them." And in order to carry out this policy a number of talks were had with the Indian chiefs. It was in these talks that President Young had the "Gift of Tongues" made manifest.

The conversations I had with Jesse W. Fox were at the old County Court House, corner 2nd South and 1st West. At that time I was County Collector for Salt Lake County. Brother Fox often came in my office and related to me many incidents of the early settlement of Utah.

Some ten or twelve years ago these conversations were brought forcibly to my mind while reading the Church History by Roberts. In Volume 2, page 381, I find the following: The Prophet Joseph Smith says, "I saw Brigham Young standing in a strange land in the far South and West in a desert place in the midst of about a dozen men of color who appeared angry. Brother Young spoke to them in their own tongue." In reading this vision of the prophet, the incidents of our early history, as related to me by Brother Fox, were brought to my mind quite forcibly. Also, Jesse W. Fox, Jr., stated to me when I asked him if he had ever heard his father mention hearing of Brigham Young talk in tongues to the Indians, that he had heard his father mention that he had on several occasions.

About a year ago I got in conversation with an old timer who was in the southern part of our state in 1870 as a missionary. This man was Caleb D. Brinton, now in his 84th year. He was at the town of Kanab. After talking with Elder Brinton about Indian affairs at that time, and finding that he was quite well-posted, I obtained the following affidavit from him; of which

this is a copy:

'September 15th, 1932.

"Salt Lake City,

'To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that the undersigned, in connection with Jacob Hamblin and Ammon Tenney, were located at Kanab, Utah, as missionaries, when President Brigham Young, in connec-tion with Jesse W. Fox, Sr., visited the town.

'Black Hawk, an Indian Chief, also some other chiefs were camped near there. Black Hawk and his followers had been on the 'warpath' for some time, and President Young was desirous of meeting him with a view of coming to some understanding as to peaceful settling of the south part of the state.

"Jacob Hamblin, an Indian interpreter, was with the party, and while they were trying to parley with the chiefs, President Young commenced to talk to them in their own tongue, and continued to do so for a period of time estimated by me to be 20 or 30 minutes. This incident was quite a surprise to all of us, as we knew that President Young did not know their language.

"At the beginning of this talk, the Indians manifested considerable anger. However, at the conclusion of this parley, the Indians seemed to be appeased; for shortly after this incident, the Black Hawk War, as it was termed,

ended."
"Witness:

"L. G. Hardy.

"Caleb D. Brinton,
"Resident—No. 5, Bodell Apts.,
"155 North Main Street, "Salt Lake City, Utah.

The foregoing narration seems to me to be of sufficient interest to publish as a faith-promoting incident, as it verifies the vision the Prophet Joseph Smith had in relation to the "gift of

tongues" being used by Brigham Young to appease the anger of men of color, (the Indians), in the far South and West.

This vision was given to the Prophet in Kirtland, Ohio. Kanab would correspond to the place described.

Yours truly, L. G. Hardy, 1984 So. 7th East.

#### Contrasts

By Helena May Williams

TODAY the sky is blue, my dear. Except for fleecy clouds it's clear. The trees today are red and gold, The air is balmy, not too cold. The late fall flowers in glory nod. I gather with care each wee seed pod. The children laugh as the leaves they scuff. Their cheeks are red, their hands are rough, But they laugh and sing for this gorgeous

day That is most lovely of all they'd say. Yes, the sky is blue, the sun shines down, But to my poor heart it seems to frown. The trees look dull, the flowers, too, For my eyes are dim-I'm thinking of you. This day is the dullest I've ever known, And my heart has vanished, though it's just a loan,-For you've gone.

Today the sky is gray, my dear. The clouds are hovering very near. The trees are bare, the flowers have gone, The north wind has swept the snow along Till drifts are piled high up in the streets. If one goes out, not a soul he meets. The children in houses have to stay, For it's much too cold to run out to play. Today, howling and moaning, the wind

has come, And the snow's seemed like a pall to some. Yes, the sky is gray, the clouds are near, But to me the day seems very clear. I can almost see the sun in the sky And birds on the wing waiting to fly. This is my first bright day in years, The first day that I've forgotten my

tears. For you've come.

### Ward Teaching

(Continued from page 428)

out these instructions, that it is a good thing to take these young men during the two years they are expected to serve as ordained teachers and send them into the homes of the Church where the members are in good standing. They are not missionaries expected to go into the homes where there may be contention, but to the homes of faithful members of the Church where they will be treated with kindness and consideration. Let them go into the homes of this kind and you will get results. We say, if you want good teaching done, call your ordained teachers and have them do it. Give them a carefully prepared program and send them into the homes to teach.

### Aaronic Priesthood

(Continued from page 430)

#### No Summer Slump

THERE should be no summer slump in Aaronic Priesthood activities. The Presiding Bishopric have recommended that under no conditions should quorum or class work be discontinued at any time of the year. Meetings should be held every week during the year. In the summer with schools out of session, the M. I. A. only partly in operation and a general "let-down" in normal activities, temptations increase. The quorum should be the anchor of every boy and young man in the Church. It should serve as a steadying influence when he needs it most. Bishoprics and supervisors should vitalize the program and make it more attractive than ever during the summer period.



JUNIOR GIRLS WHO WERE GARLAND BEARERS, MARKING OFF LANE FOR PROCESSION OF QUEENS AT POCATELLO STAKE GOLD AND GREEN BALL

### M. I. A. ACCOMPLISHMENTS DURING MONTH OF APRIL

STAKES	ii ;		No. Keporung.	whose	No. of Wards whose avg. attendance is 2 /3 or more of enrollment.		No. of Wards having completed class discus- sions and activities to date,		No. of people in Stake reaching A Standard and receiving recognition at Stake Honor Day in the following events:				No. of people in Stake participat- ing in contest work in the fol- lowing events:			S C	read "As the Earth Turns."	read "John Jacob Astor."	read "Two Little Savages."	read "Hidden Heroes of the	read "Life Begins at Forty."	rds having held Sunday Joint April.	used "Era" program.	No. of Junior Girls having "My Story" book in the Stake.		
	No. of Wards	х. м.	Y. W.	Y. M.	Y. W.	х. м.	Y. W.	No. of Wards having Stake Honor Day.	Dancing	Music	Public Speaking	Story Telling	Drama	Drama	Dancing	Public Speaking	Story	Pro	No. having re	No. having r	No. having re	No. having re Rockies."	No. having rea	No. of Was	No. having	No. of Junior book in the St
Alberta Alberta Alpine Bear Lake Bear Lake Bear Lake Bear River Bear River Blaine Blaine Box Elder Cache Cac	12   14   18   18   18   18   18   18   18	88 8 8 100 10 5 5 5 8 8 8 8 100 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10	11 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	11 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	2 2 1 1 1 2 2 4 4 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6	2 21 9 8	33   36   66   77   77   77   77   76   33   33	55 5 7 7 7 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 9 5 5 8 8 8 8 9 5 5 7 7 2 8 8 8 8 8 9 5 5 7 7 2 8 8 8 8 8 9 5 5 7 7 2 8 8 8 8 9 5 5 7 7 2 8 8 8 8 9 9 3 8 7 7 7 8 8 8 9 7 7 7 8 8 8 9 7 7 7 8 8 8 9 7 7 7 7	266 150 150 150 150 150 150 150 150 150 150	67 35 76	149 114 62 88 180 181 181 184 182 182 182 183 184 186 187 187 187 187 187 187 187 187 187 187	577 12 15 9 16 17 11 10 10 10 10 22 32 32 23 24 43 22 36 63 64 47 77 11 17 9 66 17 17 17 17 17 17 17 17 17 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18	8 72 48 8 72 48 8 72 114 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12	244 665 509 331 513 523 523 524 525 527 527 528 529 529 529 529 521 521 522 523 486 496 527 527 528 529 529 529 529 529 529 529 529	22 18 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8	211 117 544 444 148 99 188 66 222 151 154 141 156 33 33 111 11 56 62 22 20 20 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21	3 13 13 13 15 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16	217729 172 172 172 172 172 172 172 172 172 172	355 399 477 499 16 110 113 447 27 3 3 8 667 11 12 12 25 3 3 3 8 667 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11	10 5 1 10 5 1 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 1	22	3 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6	71 32 45 103 101 101 103 3 3 12 20 28 8 3 3 17 7 24 25 24 22 26 6 6 7 17 1 1 13 2 2 2 2 2 2 3 3 3 2 2 3 3 3 3 3	4 4 6 6 7 7 10 3 3 2 1 3 3 5 5 5 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9	3 6 6 6 1 1 2 2 1 3 3 4 4 6 5 9 1 4 1 2 2 4 7 7 3 2 2 8 5 3 3 6 1 0 0 3 3 4 4 2 2 7 7 4 5 5 3 3 3 1 2 2 6 6 6 4 1 1 4 6 6 2 6 6 3 3 4 5 5 8 8 8 8 7 7 6 6 5 8 8 8 8 8 7 6 6 5 4 2 5 5 1 1 2 2 4 6 6 7 1 1 2 4 6 6 7 1 1 2 4 6 6 7 1 1 2 4 6 7 1 1 1 2 4 6 7 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 14 12 22 4 4 4 4 4 4 1 3 3 3 7 5 5 6 6 2 2 5 6 6 4 4 4 4 4 4 1 3 3 3 2 2 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

NOTE: This report is very interesting as it gives the climax of the year's accomplishments. It is interesting to note that out of 61 Stakes and 5 Missions reporting this month, 3,300 people reached A Standard in drama; 1,317 in dancing; 2,533 in music; 937 in public speaking; 1,002 in story telling. And the following number participated in contest work: drama 2,585; dancing 1,284; public speaking 626; story telling 661.

Also that of the number of Stakes reporting 946 Junior Girls have "My Story" book and have enjoyed this very splendid project.

Of the list of new reading course books the following have been read: Joseph Smith An American Prophet 519; Life Begins at Forty 1,780 (the Adult book, it will be observed that it leads the list); As the Earth Turns 1,265 (also widely read); John Jacob Astor 152; Two Little Savages 277; Hidden Heroes of the Rockies 248. A large number of books from past reading courses have also been reported.

April has indeed been a month "brim full" of activity. In addition to contest work, there have been reported Adult and Senior banquets and parties, M Men-Gleaner banquets, Junior Girls' festivals, Swarm Day for Bee Hive Girls, Music Festivals and various other M. I. A. socials.

This report should bring to our officers some degree of satisfaction for the efforts they have expended in giving to the members of M. I. A. the development and joy that has been received through participation in the M. I. A. program.

Gratitude is expressed to all of our officers and members for the success attained during the past year. We appreciate also the splendid support of the secretaries in sending in the monthly reports. We feel we have had a better response than ever before in getting the reports to the General Offices on time.

### Charles A. Callis

(Continued from page 389)

He loves humanity with the passion and patience of a great soul, and at the same time he possesses a sympathy which is deep and boundless. The love of truth and the love of mankind are shining threads that run through the warp of his life.

Here he did his major work. During his administration the membership in the Mission multiplied, branches were organized, chapels were erected, prejudice was allayed, confidence was established and the work moved securely forward on all lines.

More than four thousand missionaries came and went while he presided. The stimulating contact with this man of conviction and understanding not only quickened their faith and inspired them to finer endeavor but it gave them a loftier conception of their holy religion and planted in their souls a nobler estimate of man. It is a significant thing to touch effectively the lives of other people. This is a supreme human service. It takes a high-powered soul to lift men.

The hard lessons of his early life have given him a quality of patience which makes most tasks appear easy. His love for mankind makes intolerance impossible. His faith in his fellows and the certitude of his religious convictions give him a quiet air of confidence and a friendly approach that can come only from such sources. If people speak well of his cause he is quick to express appreciation; if they speak disparagingly he attributes it to a lack of understanding and he takes tactful steps to give them a better understanding.

When he assumed the presidency of the Southern States Mission he secured admission to the bar in South Carolina and also in Florida. While he had no time to practise law and preside over a Mission, the fact that he was an accredited lawyer added greatly to his prestige as a minister of the Gospel, and gave him free entree to circles that otherwise he never could have entered. As a result of this he was able to establish cordial relations with governors, mayors, and other men of influence and prominence.

He was universally esteemed a Christian gentleman and a distinguished citizen in the South where he lived for many years.

President S. O. Bennion, of the First Council of Seventy, said of him:

"It is a great pleasure to pay tribute to my esteemed friend and long time associate in the mission field, Charles A. Callis. I know the man and love him. I know the great work he has accomplished and applaud it.

"He learned at an early age the art of making friends. This precious gift has been a great help to him in his missionary

"He is a natural preacher of the gospel and through his faith and humility has enjoyed a rich outpouring of the Holy Spirit so that people everywhere are drawn to the Lord through him. Charles A. Callis will go down in history as one of the great proselyters of the Church.
"His contact with the missionaries and

"His contact with the missionaries and his interest in their welfare knit them together in a bond of friendship and brotherly love that will endure as long as life lasts.

"Brother Callis' missionary experience, covering nearly thirty years, has eminently qualified him for the great position which he now occupies."

In answer to the question— What has been the greatest inspiration in your life? Brother Callis reverently said:

"The Lord Jesus Christ has been the greatest inspiration in my life. From my earliest recollections to the present time I have always had an abiding and intense love for my Savior. I cannot read the story of His sufferings and crucifixion without shedding tears. He is my Lord and my God. I know that He lives and that He is the Christ. He is the 'Lord of resurrection and life.' Not only do I regard the manner of our redemption with wonder, awe, and gratitude, but I also have love and affection for the way He redeemed us and bought us with His precious blood."

In paying tribute to his wife he said, among other things:

"'A prudent wife is a blessing from the Lord."

Sister Callis has conquered difficulties patience, love, and an unwavering faith in God. During my ministry more than four thousand missionaries reported for duty at the Mission headquarters. She has cared for them when sick and comforted them when said news of the death of loved ones at home reached them. Well and nobly has she performed her part as a mother and helpmate.

"The poet says of the male bird and his mate:

> "He sings to the wide world, She sings to her nest, In the ear of sweet nature Which song is the best?"

"The assistance Sister Callis has given me can never be measured this side of eternity." In referring to his mother he said with tenderness and emotion:

"Throughout my life I have drawn inseriation and strength from the splendid
example and teachings of my mother.
After the close of the day's work she
taught me to read and to write. She was
a wise mother, inspiring in all her children
the highest ideals of loyalty to church and
to state. Her patience, tenderness, devotion
and love for her children and her willingness to sacrifice for them are precious to
me and hold a sacred place in my memory.
Her sublime faith in God and her gentle
submission to His will is a constant source
of inspiration and encouragement to me."

CHARLES A. CALLIS is an idealist but uses practical means to accomplish his ends. His life is a monument of faith backed by high and resolute endeavor. He believes that the Creator supplies quarries but that He never cuts stone or builds temples without the use of human hands. "Trust in the Lord and do good \* \* \* and verily thou shalt be fed" is one of the divine precepts by which he lives.

Deprived of the advantages of scholastic training he has husbanded with care his time and his energy and has drawn inspiration from the great writers and thinkers of the past and the present. Loveliness and beauty in the written and the spoken word fascinate him.

He has constantly cultivated the companionship of great minds and the gallery of his memory is adorned with inspiring scenes in the lives of eminent men and with precious utterances from their lips. This is significant for it is one of the sources of his growth. If we hang beautiful pictures upon memory's walls and live with these long enough we cannot do evil.

Charles A. Callis has a great soul and a deep appreciation of the beautiful in life with enough Irish wit to meet any situation. He is teachable and tolerant with a legal training which gives him a judicial attitude of mind; permeating all of this is an exalted love for mankind and a sublime and settled faith in God. These qualities make an invincible combination. It is this combination which has lifted him out of the desolation of his youth and put into his soul the desire to lift others and the power to do it.

The opportunity has come and he will do his work.

He stands a fearless champion of truth; a soulful and eloquent exponent of the message of the Master —"chosen of God and a friend of man."

### Turquoise Taffeta

(Continued from page 392)

On the way home the woman said, "We met that young high school teacher Fanny's been going with. He treated us to ice-cream. He brought me some flowers in the hospital too. Looks serious to

"Fanny says she's not marry-

ing.

'Just talk,'' laughed the wom-"You'll see. He seems real nice, doing well at his teaching, comes of a good family down Nephi way. I made inquiries. There's nothing definite yet, but Fanny's starting a hope chest." Then hesitatingly, "We'd ought to help get her things. Of course with the hospital bills and all .....

"Paid 'em, and the farm ain't mortgaged yet."

The woman brightened. like to get her knives and forks and spoons with sugar shell and things to match. I saw some pretty ones in a velvet box. I'd like-I'd like to spend twenty-five, maybe fifty dollars for it!" She leaned back amazed at her own rashness.

"Guess they come high," grunted the man. "Get what you want."

This victory so surprisingly gained, the woman sighed happily.
"I'll start piecing quilts, too," she planned. "Young girls now-adays have no time for quilt piecing. I'll finish that one I've been working on and then I'd like to make one of the wedding ring design. That would be real suitable woudn't it, Pa?"

They rode along in silence for two miles and the woman spoke "You know, Pa, I guess we're getting old. I always thought I'd be, well, 'thrilled' to have a silk dress. I never had one before. Of course I'm glad to have it. It was right sweet of Fanny to buy it. I like the hat and shoes too. I never had so many new things all at once. It's a practical dress too, good heavy silk. I can get a lot of wear out of it, and still the lace collar and buttons and all make it fancy enough for best. I like these carved buttons. The clerk in the store said they were 'tricky.' Imagine me with a 'tricky' dress, Pa!" She laughed softly. "It will be nice to wear it Sundays."

"Lots better than being buried in it," said the man, which was as near as he could come to expressing the great weight her recovery had lifted from him.

Back on the farm things were vastly different: Pa was a changed man. He carried the wood and built the fires. He carried the water and on wash days hovered awkwardly in the kitchen to turn the washer and lift the heavy tubs. He bought a mop and forbade any more scrubbing. He even essayed a pleasantry when presenting the mop. "It's one of those fancy self-wringing ones, Ma. I suppose you'd call it a 'tricky' mop.

The woman was happier than she had ever been, with a serene

content.

Early in December Fanny wrote that she had been invited to visit at the home of the young high school teacher and if her parents didn't mind she would not come home for the Christmas holidays.

'What did I tell you," nodded the woman. "I'll bet that means wedding bells next summer. I must hurry with the quilts"—returning to the letter, "She says his mother and sister have planned a lot of parties and things for her. She'll have a jolly time and I'm glad. Of course it will be lonesome for us, Pa, I think I'll get some Christmas candy just the same."

"And a wreath," said the man unexpectedly. "You always made a wreath for the big window. I'll bring in the greens from the ridge."

HRISTMAS morning found them brave with wreaths and bowls of colored candy. The man built a fire in the parlor heater



and they sat before it to open the imposing array of packages Fanny had sent.

"She shouldn't have spent so much money," said the woman. 'This lovely scarf looks real expensive. And silk stockings for me—the first pair of silk stockings I ever had!" There were gay handkerchiefs and a warm nightgown, too. To her father Fanny sent socks, a belt with a silver buckle, and a fine tie with matching silk handkerchief. He seemed more pleased with the warm mitts his wife had knitted.

After trying them on, he said, "I've got a present for you too, and to his wife's speechless amazement he tramped heavily out to the woodshed and returned with a big box still in its brown wrappings. Beneath this outer covering was a package as gay in white tissue and silver tinsel as the big mail-order firm's "special wrapping depart-ment" could make it.

"My, it's too pretty to open," the woman said, but she did open it. Her eyes widened incredulously at the contents-a robe (she called it a kimona) of rich blue satin elaborately embroidered in rose and silver with—crowning touch—small, embroidered slippers to match. It wasn't a dress, it wasn't turquoise, it wasn't taffeta, but it was all this, and more-luxury, glamor, romance!

Practical, even at this supreme moment, she thrust it from her, to keep the quick tears from falling on it.
"Why Mother!"

"Oh, Pa, I'm crying because I'm so happy," she explained, dashing away her tears and smiling. Then, softly, "Oh, Pa, I'm so glad you did it!"

Muttering something about fixing the fire, the man retreated to the kitchen where he made noisy and futile motions of lifting lids and shaking grates. Guess Fanny wasn't the only one who could waste money on Ma. Guess Ma could have things she didn't need as well as anybody. No sound came from the other room. Quietly he crossed to the door. The woman sat as he had left her, with the silken robe draped over one shoulder and across her lap, softly carressing the folds of the rich fabric. The man paused before the look in her eyes, abashed before that glorylight of Dreams Come True.

### International Conferences

(Continued from page 395)

era men also, every delegate was in his seat, the full press were there, the galleries crowded to capacity, the doorways choked, the privileged rear seats of the Chamber overflowing with families of the delegates. On the dais were the President and the Secretary of the Conference, their aides clustered about them, till not another person could be crowded in.

A signal was given, and out from the side wall of the recess that held the dais came the Committee of the League of Nations, headed by the Spanish Ambassador to Mexico. The whole machinery of publicity sprang into action; movies droned, cameras clicked, magnesium charges exploded, the audience broke into wild applause; the press wrote madly.

When the applause died away, there was a short pause, and then from an entrance facing the dais and the President of the Conference, came the Bolivian delegation, headed by Dr. Rojas, a full-blooded Indian, straight as an arrow, with great poise and composure, looking taller than he was. He paused for a moment, all eyes upon him, then moved with real majesty down the aisle to the point opposit his seat. Again the cameras clicked, the magnesium exploded, the movies droned, and again vociferous applause, which gradually died down.

Then the third scene of the act opened.

NOW from the same point as came the committee of the League, moved out and down the dais steps into the body of the hall, the delegates of Paraguay. A wave of tumultuous applause greeted them, exceeding any that had preceded, for the Paraguayans had the greater sympathy of the delegates. Again the movies, the cameras, the explosions, a scene of wild enthusiasm.

Then the oratory began, and one country after another spoke for peace and against the crime of war. The Spanish Ambassador began in a well thought out but impassioned oration; others followed. Our own Secretary of State, Mr. Hull, gave an eloquent address, the peroration of which declared:

"Peoples here and here represented must rise up en masse and demand that the awful scourge of war be forthwith banished from this hemisphere, that fighting permanently cease and that not another mother shall be widowed nor another child orphaned."

The Paraguayan and Bolivian delegates again spoke for peace.

It was a great gathering; it had been faultlessly staged; no device that might appeal or morally coerce had been overlooked. The maximum moral force of the whole world had been used. The representatives of the belligerents who were present were touched and subdued; but the men who determined their course were hundreds of miles away in the capitals of their countries; they felt little of the pressure.

The armistice was renewed for ten days. When that time expired, the war broke again in its fury.

### Reminiscences of Charles W. Nibley

(Continued from page 397)

HAVE little recollection of Scotland as a child, except here and there a slight incident. I was only six years of age when we left there for America in the spring of 1855 but I have a clear recollection of one incident which may throw some light on my way of looking at things monetary. I must have been four or five years of age. been over to see an aunt by the name of Snedden who had just been confined and had a fine baby. It was the custom at that time in Scotland for the neighbors, especially the relatives, to call. On such occasions usually bread and cheese and Scotch whiskey were on the table for all visitors who came to wish good luck to the family. I had made my call and my aunt had given me a penny in addition, perhaps, to a piece of currant cake. On the way home from this visit I met what the Scotch call a "packman," that is, a peddler selling

pins, needles, trinkets of one kind and another and a little candy, carrying his whole store on his back. I held up my penny to the packman who threw his pack at once on the ground, opened it up and asked me if I wanted rock, which meant hard candy, rock candy or stick candy. I answered with sufficient self-denial, "No, I no wantin' rock, I want preens and needles for my 'mither'." I took the preens and needles to my mother, told her my story with all the pride in the world. I can recollect how she picked me up with tears in her eyes, rejoicing, I suppose, at my self-denial, and cried, "Aye, my bonny bairn.'

I do not remember when I first learned to read. My mother must have taught me for I can remember reading parts of the New Testament for her when I was about four years of age. I had not been



to school, indeed I do not believe I ever attended school in the old country, but I was naturally fond of books from the earliest days.

Our living was of the most simple and frugal type. Oatmeal porridge with a little sour milk was our chief article of diet. We got a little meat perhaps once a week, generally on Sunday. Naturally enough our clothing was the cheapest that could be bought. I remember when we were leaving for America that we made a visit to my mother's brother, Thomas Wilson, who was at that time a station agent on the railroad, which, in comparison to our low circumstances was a very high and exalted position. This brother, one of a large family, was a little out of the ordinary in the way of intellect and faculty and had got himself moved up quite a few steps from the coal mining level of society. We visited with them a day or two, then went back to our old home and presently sailed away for America.

President Nibley's experiences as a boy in Cache Valley, Utah, will appear in a later issue.

## When Rags Were Precious

(Continued from page 407)

"Now we wish all who have them, to furnish all the uncolored rags they can, until the paper makers are able to bleach. And we request any person having the proper article for bleaching colored rags, to furnish it, and he shall be well paid; or if anyone understands manufacturing said article, and can do it here, he shall be well paid, and the better the sooner he can go at it.

"We call on Brother Gaunt to

hurry out the felting.

"You will observe that we are not unmindful of your desires for a whole sheet, but we cannot lift the load alone. Who will help?"

SOME of the difficulties encountered are suggested in this item from the Deseret News, August 10, 1854:

'Doubtless the readers of the News perceive that the paper has at last got a rather dark shade, and we do not fancy its color any better than you do. This arises from the fact that the rags come in at a slow rate, and in small quantities, hence as the makers have as yet no means of bleaching, all colors have to be used except black, thus necessarily causing a very dark gray. But dark gray is better than no paper, which will soon be the case unless every person in our settlements gathers up and brings, or sends immediately all their paper rags, a compliance with which will enable us to furnish you a whole sheet weekly.

Here is an optimistic note brought about by the arrival of the Church train, October 12, 1854:

"We are happy in being enabled by the arrival of our year's supply in the Church train to again issue the News on white paper \* \* \* for we think our industrious subscribers will now be able to read their papers by candle light.

"Until further notice we are obliged to stop paying cash for rags, but they will be taken on subscriptions to the *News* and on Tithing."

Fancy paying rags for tithing! The dream of having a real paper mill was realized 1861, when the Sugar House Mill was put into operation. Even so, the mill was useless without rags. General appeals failed to bring a sufficient supply. The work must go on. In order that it should, one of the most interesting, lovable, and picturesque characters of that day received a special calling. This man was George Goddard for whom no task was too humble if in its performance he felt that he was "on the Lord's side."

Following is from an editorial in the Deseret News of May 14,

1862:

As soon as it became apparent that without some extraordinary exertion, there would not be material enough obtained to keep the mill at work more than one day in a month, Mr. George Goddard (than whom a more energetic or suitable person could not have been found for the business) was employed to visit every town and settlement in this and adjoining counties, for the purpose of gathering up whatever might be obtained convertible into printing paper. He entered at once upon his special calling, but with poor success at first, as the people generally deemed the matter of trivial importance, and looked upon rag gathering as the lowest vocation that could be followed, but after a while the business was considered more important, and the daily gleaning of the rag man began to increase.

"He says there are many places in the country where he cannot go



VACATION SPOT IN IDAHO

with his vehicle, and he solicits persons thus situated to bring along whatever material of the kind they may have saved and take it to his residence or bring it to the News Office.

"Some may think it beneath their dignity to do an act of this kind, but until the citizens generally understand the importance of the matter—the manufacture of paper in this inland state will be uphill business—whereas there will soon be ten times as much used as there is now, if it can be made here, and obtained without importing. To facilitate his business, Mr. Goddard wishes it announced that he is ready at all times to receive rags at his residence.

"The machinery was imported and the mill put in operation at a great expense and it should now be kept in motion—importation is out of the question here, and there is and will continue to be a great demand for printing and all other kinds of paper, and it can be made in any desirable quantities as well in Deseret as elsewhere, and will be as soon as everything suitable for its manufacture is saved and appropriated for that purpose."

AFTER nearly a year we get a glimpse of the humor that lightened those labors from an open letter in the *News*, August 20, 1862.

"Ten Months Among the Paper Rags.

"To the Sisters of Utah:

"Permit me to give a synopsis of my experience in traveling from house to house to collect rags for the manufacture of 'Deseret News' paper, wrapping paper, etc.:

paper, wrapping paper, etc.:
"I have traveled over Salt Lake
City three times calling at every
house (with very few exceptions)
and visited nearly every family in
Springville, Provo, American Fork,
Lehi, Willow Creek, Big Cottonwood, Ogden City, Kau Ward,
Farmington, Centerville and Sessions settlement.

"The entire amount collected from those places is nearly 20,000 lbs. and this sum has been made up by those who have responded to the call of President Brigham Young and others. Save Your Paper Rags.

"Is it not encouraging to such to know that their 1, 2, 4, 6 and 10 pounds of rags have contributed towards making up so large a sum, besides the satisfaction and peace of mind, realized by having done their duty. I generally obtain rags at ONE house out of every five I call upon, so that four-fifths of my calls are unsuccessful visits \* \* \* The question usually asked at every house is, 'Have you any paper rags today, Ma'am?' The following are some of the answers:

"1. No.
"2. I did not expect you or I might have had some.

"3. When I have assorted my carpet rags I may have a few.

'4. I'm too economical to have any, I make all my rags into car-

"5. You pay so little for them, it don't pay for the soap and trouble of washing them.

'6. Call tomorrow, I can perhaps raise two or three pounds.

'7. Can't stop to attend to them. I'm washing.

"8. Not unless you have either tea, denim, or soap to pay for them.

"9. Call next week, I've got a big sack full but I'm too busy whitewashing, to look after rags

"10. We haven't any. There's only me and my man.

'11. I shall never part with my rags until I get a carpet.

"12. The lady of the house is not at home.
"13. Empty house.
"14. Yes.

"This last reply comes about one in five, the others and many more of like character come very often, and although variety is generally considered the spice of life, the less I meet with it in the collection of rags the better I like it.

'To the four-fifths portion I

wish to say a few words: "By reading over the above answers you will see your own words in print, but as your name is not attached no one except myself knows who gave them, and depend upon it I'm no "tell tale" except on general principles. Better late than never by having a bag hanging up behind the bedroom door, and putting into it every bit of rag you make, of any color or quality, besides those pieces of old carpet and gunny sacks lying around the yard, when once washed in soap suds, dried and put in the rag bag, they will always be ready either for me when I call, or to send them to my house in the 13th Ward, one block south, and one and one-half blocks east of the Theater which would be more preferable. A little effort will yet enable you to redeem yourselves by October Conference from a seeming indifference on your part in responding to the least, though in reality one of the greatest calls that ever have been, or will be, made upon you.

"We need the rags to make paper for school books, arithmetics, writing paper, etc., and by now disposing of your first batch, your bag will be at liberty to receive a second, so that whenever I chance to come along it will always be ready with more or less in it.

### The Cliff Dwelling

By Grace Zenor Pratt

HIGH up among the blue Sierra Madre mountains

Lies a valley shadowed from the sun; Here the pines and birch, the sycamore and cedat

Sigh with the night wind when the day is done.

The moon shines through the trees-a silver crescent;

A whippoorwill is calling to his mate, The quaking aspens tremble in the distance And all the world of nature seems to

And there against the grey cliff of the canyon It seems we dream-but on the eyrie

steep-There stands a dwelling, relic of the ages,

By crag o'er hung; and pines their vigil keep. We stand in awe, that lonely structure

viewing, And if the dust could speak what could

it say. Those windows dark, the portals wide,

unguarded, It was not thus at one far distant day, Closed are our eyes to present things, a moment

And lo! a pageant opens, up that dim distant trail They pass, a tribe of warriors, heavy

laden-And ancient songs of triumph fill the

Barbaric, their dress: their weapons crude and gory; From battle come they, to their cliff

built home And at the portal see the women waiting-

Waiting with children, for their lords to come. The pageant fades-the trail grows dim

with shadows, The silence of the dead broods over all:

The harp of winds strikes music from the pine trees And over all, the silver moonlight falls.

A bird sings of the moonlight, starlight, silence. A silver stream, the fragrance of the

pine: A camp at night among the brooding

mountains, A song of ancient days-a dream is mine.

"The articles I have on hand to pay for rags are: - black ink of excellent quality, pasteboards, Godfrey's cordial, agate buttons, pant buttons, essence of peppermint, hatchet handles, bar lead, saleratus, bees wax, matches, girths, neck straps, sulphur, salts, composition, senna, cammomile flowers, buckskin needles, small tooth combs, thimbles, extract of peach, extract of celery, Batemans Drops, British oil ammonia, buckskin mitts, drawers, besides other useful things which I occasionally have as opportunity enables me to procure. By way of closing this rambling address. I would strongly recommend, counsel and advise every sister living in Dixie, or the cotton country, San Pete, Cache Valley, Salt Lake City, and every intermediate settlement to send or bring in their rags whenever the bag is full. This will not prevent my personal visits as far as practical, but it will be doing a great public service which every good citizen should cheerfully render, and if spared to labor another Ten Months among the Rags instead of recording the collection of Twenty Thousand pounds, let us one and all put our shoulders to the wheel and make it One Hundred Thousand, if so we will have undisputed evidence that our labors have been crowned with success, and my second address shall be as complimentary as your attention to this call can call forth, and if these few remarks should arrest the consideration of some who have as yet done nothing in the matter and arouse them to their duty, and stimulate others to a more rigid economy in saving rags, the object I have in view in penning these few lines will be gained, and remain,

"Your humble servant,

George Goddard." As George Goddard performed this humble service for his Church, he served it better than he knew. The pioneers were too busy making history to take time to record it; but the Journal History of the Church is largely made up of clippings from the columns of old issues of the Deseret News. Because they were printed on "rag" stock they endure. Had modern wood pulp paper been available they would have crumbled to bits fifty years ago, so the non-descript rags that were precious long ago, are priceless as paper today.

# The Kingdom of God

(Continued from page 405)

The Kingdom of God "cometh not by observation." Its essential conquests, victories, riches and glories are of the heart and not of outward valor. It moves forward by heart-power and not by horse-

power.

The parable of the "hidden treasure" portrays the exquisite joy that comes from the deep consciousness of being in actual spiritual union with God and His children. This joy is so intense that those who get a real taste of it give "all they have" to get it. The modern exemplifications of this truth are the most inspiring in the history of contemporary religious experience. Just to instance one. A few years ago there lived at Winsor, Nova Scotia, a little woman of Scotch extraction highly intelligent and intensely spiritual. One day the missionaries came to her home and commenced to tell her the thrilling story of the gospel restoration. The fervent earnest words were like the harmonious bird song to her deep soul. She tasted the soulsatisfying joy that comes from certainty about God. She was converted. Everybody else in the town was bitterly opposed to the message. But in spite of the frowns of friends, and the harsh denunciations of the orthodox divines she went alone one raw November day and was baptized in the chilly waters of a little creek. She literally gave "all she had" for the precious "hidden treasure."

These simple concepts aid us in understanding a number of the Savior's rather obscure references to the Kingdom of God. The idea that the attainment of joyous rap-port with God and all His children is the great essential qualification for entrance into the Heavenly realm, clarifies the Master's conception of eligibility to the heavenly kingdom. For a very profound reason He puts children in the most favorable class. His insistence upon "conversion" and the attainment of childlikeness as a basic essential for entrance into the Kingdom is most significant. Little children are perfectly socialized. Whether they know each other or not, the moment they meet they

talk, romp and play without the slightest sense of restraint or feeling of staidness. Their spirits instantly fuse into unrestrained joyous friendliness. The development of this perfectly unaffected sympathetic accord of feeling, aspiration and action is as the Master insists the one fundamental requisite for the heavenly kingdom.

SINCE perfect childlike socialization is the one great basic qualification for entrance into the heavenly realm it is not difficult to understand the Master's assertion that it is almost impossible for a rich man to enter. The predominant characteristic of a rich man is his feeling that he is better than those who possess less than he; and that by reason of his material possessions he is entitled to privileges, immunities and honors that are denied to those who are less fortunate financially. This evokes constant social friction. It awakens irritating hatreds and animosities. The person who harbors this sense of superiority is far, very far, from that harmonious realm in which all are in perfect sympathetic rapport with each other.

The essential pleasure of the play spirit comes from being in joyous rapport with others in a common happy enterprise. The joy of study comes from being in organized har-



DESERT TREES

monious concert and fellowship with other aspiring souls. So the essence of what the Master speaks of as the Kingdom of Heaven comes from the deep serene consciousness of being in actual harmonious fellowship with God and his children.

When the Master said "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand" He meant that the possibility of coming into actual spiritual rapport with the God of Heaven and kindred souls was an immediate possibility. If He had used the stilted terminology of modern psychology He might have said "The realm of perfectly socialized beings is at hand."

A heavenly being is a perfectly socialized being. The realm in which he lives is a perfectly socialized realm. For all who are in it are in loving harmony with each other.

The Master said "The Kingdom of God is within you." And so it is in its individual sense. In this sense the Kingdom of God is the actual peaceful reign of the divine will in the soul through the guiding and inspiring power of the Holy Ghost. But the Kingdom of God like the realm of play and of learning has an institutional aspect. It is a social organism as well as a state of soul. In its institutional sense the Kingdom of God is a group of those who have the Kingdom of God within them, divinely affiliated together; and governed by the will of God through His inspired authority of priesthood.

The launching of the Kingdom of God in the world is the greatest movement in history. It marked the formation of an actual alliance, upon the earth, between God and man, through priesthood investure and the inspirational guidance of the Holy Ghost for the enlightenment, purification, sanctification and ennoblement of mankind. Participation with God in this divine enterprise is the most exalting work of man. Through this hallowed partnership with God in the establishment of the City of God on earth comes the deep ennobling joy of being in actual spiritual rapport with the Infinite, and with all His children.

The two basic characteristics of divinity are creation and conservation. God creates and conserves. His work is constructive and remedial. His highest work is to "bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." The socialization and spiritualization of man is the finest aspect of this noble endeavor. The Kingdom of God. is the effective, divine agency through which man is purified, refined, sanctified, glorified and made fit to enjoy "eternal life." Actual joyous alliance with the Infinite in

this high endeavor is the truest glory of life. Out of it comes that fine ethical, esthetic and spiritual development which is the zestful glory of exalted living.

The actual joyous partnership with God in the extension and glorification of His Kingdom in the world is what the Latter-day Saint calls religion, or the abundant life. vouched for by the author already mentioned. While witnessing one of the festivals of which the natives of the South Sea Islands are so fond—this visitor relates—he descried a handsome Confederate Flag flying from the mast of a boat belonging to one of the chiefs. Curious to learn how such a flag had reached that remote corner of the globe, and anxious to obtain possession of it, the American called upon the chief and learned from him that, some years before, a white man dying there in exile, had given him the Flag as a sacred

### Flags of the Confederacy

(Continued from page 409)

ing in the City of Washington, in full view of the National Capitol, though the armies of Lee and Jackson failed to reach their goal. In his informative volume, "The In his informative volume, "The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags," Peleg D. Harrison declares that two Southern youths, Clinton Hatcher and J. C. Salsby, students at Columbian College in Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C., ran up a Confederate Flag on the mast of the College building where it floated for several hours in full view of every passerby, before being discovered, and ordered removed, by the College president.

Another fact not generally known, but vouched for in this same work of Harrison's is that the South, also, had a "Barbara Fritchie," though one in actual life and a youthful one, at that. In this instance, too, the heroine stood by her colors though in danger of her life, while her antagonist was an enraged metropolitan mob instead of a magnanimous Southern General. The incident occurred, so Harrison relates, at the beginning of the War, preceding a social function in the City of New York given by the parents of former President Theodore Roosevelt. mansion was in gala attire with the Stars and Stripes floating from every window, save one, the window of Mrs. Roosevelt's boudoir.

At that window was firmly fixed a staff from which the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy gaily fluttered.

As soon as the Flag was descried, an angry crowd gathered in front of the mansion and demanded in no uncertain mood that the offending flag be removed on penalty of

personal reprisal. Not intimidated by their threats, Mrs. Roosevelt refused and declared that she was quite within her right in displaying the flag of her own Southland in the window of her own boudoir.

"I am a Southern woman," she asserted; "and you may do whatever you like except touch that flag; but it shall not come down!"

The crowd, however, was in an ugly temper and refused to disperse till persuaded by the eloquent pleas of Roosevelt's father who convinced the leaders that the loyalty of his wife to her own native section was as natural and commendable as was their own.

So, the mob reluctantly scattered, and the offending banner continued to wave from the window of this fearless daughter of the South.

ANOTHER, but more pathetic incident connected with a Confederate Flag was learned some years ago by an American visitor to the Samoan Islands and is

### Elegy By Edith Welch

MOON, Shine softly On my dying plum tree. About the gaunt dry branches Weave a shining dream Of all the fragrant blossoms She once bore.

Night wind,
Sing softly
Through my dying plum tree.
Caress the brown and naked branches
As you did
When they were clothed
In softest green—
So yielding, yet resisting
To your sighs.

Kind heaven,
Take the soul
Of my dying plum tree
In your starry hands
This night.
And, when the woodman
Lays upon the ground
Her empty shell,
Bid my plum tree smile.



VOUR first year in business will show you the benefits of our business training. If you are qualified through our training, your own progress will prove it to you. Step upward in business by being prepared. New students are enrolling each week. Special and regular courses are given during the summer months. Our rooms are cool and well ventilated. Electric ceiling fans are installed in each classroom. Calls for office help are increasing rapidly. Prepare now for the good opportunities ahead. Write, phone or call for information and catalog. It will pay you to get the best in commercial training.

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### HENAGER Business College

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"Of Course We're Saving for The Improvement Era at our House!"



MOTHER and Father both say we just can't get along without the Era, and all of us kids agree with them.

"It isn't so hard either. We just hang the Era envelope where it's handy and then all of us, when we have a penny, a nickle, a dime, or a quarter slip it into the little slit and there you are. When our subscription is up, there are the two dollars waiting for the agent or to

go direct to the Era.

"Mother says, 'This is our missionary fund. Until we have a boy or girl old enough to carry the Gospel to the world, we'll support The Improvement Era and do our part toward sending it free to the missionaries.' Whenever we read one of those fine letters from a missionary telling how the Era has seemed like a visitor from home—Dad says, 'You see, youngsters, you helped do that.' And are we proud!

"Two picture-show tickets a month will more than do it. My sister Bess and I have agreed to stay away from some picture we wanted to see, just so we'll know how to

sacrifice for others.

"If you're having trouble getting that two dollars for the Era, I'd suggest a For The Improvement

Era envelope."

Good idea, Jack; we'll back up that suggestion, and will mail an envelope free to any address upon request. Address

The Improvement Era 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah trust on the promise that—during his life time—it should never pass from his hands, and—upon his death—that it should be buried by his successor in a secret hiding-place never to be divulged to mortal man.

Neither bribery nor entreaty on the part of the American could avail to break the promise given by the savage to his dead friend; and the flag was never recovered. But it was learned some years later from meager records found among the dead soldier's effects, by Southern sympathizers sent there to investigate the truth of the story, that the name of their countryman was Henry Clay Renfrew, of the 2nd or 4th Kentucky Cavalry, and that the flag he so passionately cherished was the one carried by the escort to which he belonged and which was traveling with Jefferson Davis when captured by Federal troops.

Determined that the flag of the little company should not fall into the hands of the enemy, Renfrew hastily removed it from the staff and, in some inexplicable way, concealed it on his person and escaped with it in safety. After months of wandering, he finally reached that friendly but remote shore where, without fear of its capture, he could fly his beloved flag at the door of his humble hut.

That the successor of the chief in whom Renfrew had confided must, also, have kept inviolable faith was evident from the fact that no trace of the Flag ever was found even by those of Renfrew's countrymen whose loyalty to that flag was beyond all question.

UNTIL recent years two claimants were in the field for the honor of originating the first design for a Confederate Flag, name-

Reward

By Billy B. Cooper

THINK that God Must surely have Beside His golden throne Two poplar trees That reach far up Into His blue, blue dome.

No other tree On earth, has tried So hard to reach the sky, Such ceaseless effort Should, I think, Receive award on high. ly: Nicola Marschall, an artist of Marion, Alabama, who was said to have submitted his design at the request of Governor A. B. Moore, of Alabama. It was claimed by the partisans of Marschall that his flag was flown from the State Capital at Montgomery, where the Provisional Congress was in session, on the 4th of March, 1861, the same day that Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated president of the United States in the City of Washington.

The other claimant for the distinguished honor of designing the first flag of the Confederacy was Major Orrin Randolph Smith, of Louisberg, North Carolina. The first model from his design was made by Miss Catherine Rebecca Winborne, of Pine Top, North Carolina.

Major Smith called his flag the Stars and Bars and is said to have embodied in its design the idea of the Trinity, the three bars representing the Church, the State and the Press. The blue field represented the heavens, and the circle of stars—equal in size—the equal rights of the States.

After many years of controversy and after all evidence had been examined exhaustively, the Stars and Bars committee of the United Confederate Veterans, at their reunion held at Richmond, Virginia, in 1915, formally recognized Major Orrin Randolph Smith as the originator of the first design for the flag.

Regardless, however, of who first designed it or of what alterations it underwent, none will deny that no flag ever was more gallantly defended or more passionately loved than was the Flag of the Confederacy; and, though it has been reverently furled this many a year, it still has the magic power to stir the pulse of every loyal son and daughter of the Southland, whether on native soil or under alien skies.

Nor is it from these, alone, that an involuntary tribute comes; for —more and more, among discerning minds, the consciousness is growing of the basic significance of the Confederate Flag and the Cause for which it stood; and, so long as chivalry is alive in the world and the memory of brave deeds is honored, so long will there be heads that are bared when "The Conquered Banner" goes by.

Modernize

with Natural

### A Quest

(Continued from page 412)

"Huh? Oh, yeah—sure is. Yeah, I guess it's necessary all right. But that's about all I've got to say for it."

"Don't you like it?"
"Like it? Say, I hate it."

"Why, then, are you a plumber? Why don't you do something else?"

"Well, to begin with, Dad was a plumber, and I just sort o' fell into it; learned the trade as soon as I was old enough to hold a wrench. Then when I was just out of my 'teens and making pretty good money, I married. And about the time it began to soak in on me that I was settled for keeps, I began to realize that I didn't want to be a plumber all my life."

He was silent while the blowtorch hissed, then went on:

"The other day an old friend gave me a chance to go in cahoots with him on a ranching proposition. I've always wanted to get out and raise animals and hav and so on, but I don't know the first thing about ranching. Guess I could learn, but when a fellow has a wife and four kids he hasn't any business taking too much of a chance. No, ma'am, I don't like plumbing, but it's steady work, keeps the bills paid up and a little to the good, so what's the diff? As I say, a man with a family can't think of himself; he's got a bigger job on his hands.'

AND with this bit of philosophy, he arose from his completed task. As he walked toward his truck, Mrs. Southwick noted a certain dignity in his bearing; the dignity of a man who unselfishly faces responsibility.

The last check was signed and in its envelope when a door opened.

"Hello, Mum!" greeted sixteenyear-old Gerald, with his infectious grin. "How's everything? Got out of school early today, so I'm going to hurry and finish my collections, soon as I've had some bread and jam. Oh, yes." he added with an elaborately casual air. "before I forget about it, here's four and a half for Sis. Tell her she can get those new sport shoes with crepe soles at that store across from the five and ten. I know she wants 'em; all the girls are wearing 'em now."

And with the pride of earning newly conscious within him, he placed the money at his mother's elbow. Again Mrs. Southwick's eyes misted. Actually only four and a half dollars, but they stacked mountain high when she reflected that the boy had earned them by breaking into his needed rest at two o-clock every morning to deliver newspapers, and devoting Saturdays and evenings to twenty-cent collections and soliciting new subscriptions. A fortune, this, to satisfy his younger sister's wish to dress like other girls.

Suddenly the painful tension under which Mrs. Southwick had worried, snapped like a steadily weakening chain.

No ideality in life? Here was a physician whose first thought was of his patient, not of his fee; a working boy who spared no pains to relieve an injured dog and return him to his owner; a little child who gladly offered her carefully hoarded pennies to lessen her mother's anxiety: a man following a distasteful trade to preserve the security and happiness of his home; a highschool student cheerfully denying himself to satisfy his sister's fancy. All these had been brought to her attention without search or effort on her part, within two hours'

Her soul was bowed in grateful humility. As she set about preparing the evening meal, there was a song in heart, which she voiced with the words: "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world."

### Lover of Earth

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

I SOAR aloft
On steady wings.
Through space in which
The eagle swings,
But, though I hear
The angels' mirth,
I do not stay,—
I love the earth.

I hear the grass,
The lilac trees,
The dawning larks'
Sweet ecstasies,
And, hearkening,
I leave the skies
For fields wherein
My heaven lies,



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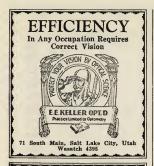


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### Glasses—What Do They Mean

(Continued from page 399)

4. Spend out of doors as much time as possible, where the eye work is all at distance.

Nature has provided for us in the eye a focusing apparatus or refractive system, which normally will exactly adjust images upon the retina. Delicately constructed, this system has rather narrow limits of elasticity, which means that when the eyeball is either lengthened or shortened abnormally, sharp vision is at once interfered with.

Since structural shape of the eyeball can scarcely be modified by any medicine or treatment at our disposal, some agent was long sought with which to neutralize the defects. Scientists already knew that glass might be molded or ground so that it would modify the course of light rays passing through it. Thus a convex lens would bend or converge them toward a nearer focus, while a concave lens would spread or diverge them to a more distant focus point. These principles were applied in neutralizing errors or distortions in the focusing apparatus. Neutralization of the error cannot relieve the eye of its normal and allotted work, because it merely makes up for defects in the transparent structures, so that natural focusing of images clearly upon the retina may be accomplished with the eye doing only its normal and intended amount of work.

This point should be emphasized, because individuals are frequently heard to say that, if one wears glasses, one's eyes will get steadily worse-which dictum is extremely silly in view of the facts. As proof, these people cite the fact that many persons who have trouble with their eyes and begin wearing glasses, soon find they cannot get along without the lenses. There are two very simple reasons for this. Correction of the defect often makes the vision so much better that taking the correcting lenses off causes one to feel half blinded and exceedingly uncomfortable. Secondly, the eyes are quite unwilling, and even unable suddenly to re-assume the load of extra effort they were putting forth

before the glasses released them from the abnormal straining.

WEARING of properly fitted lenses before defective eyes not only does not cause them to get worse, but actually favors restoration of at least part of the vision lost through straining to see.

For near-sightedness the above holds true in a measure, but it should be remembered that this is often a disease which tends to grow progressively worse. As has been indicated, proper fitting of glasses is only one of the measures used in treatment of near-sightedness. Such eyes should have a checking up by the oculist at least once a year, with obtaining of new lenses where the change in eye condition warrants it. The myopic eye with inadequate correction will get worse much more rapidly than will the one which is kept properly fitted.

Several years ago, a gentleman took his near-sighted daughter to an oculist for attention. Glasses were fitted and appropriate instructions given, but the physician did not take time to impress the father that his daughter's near-sightedness might increase, even though she were properly corrected with glasses. At a subsequent visit the man asked if his girl's eyes had improved. Upon receiving a negative reply, he threw down the glasses and stormed out of the office, saying if that was the best the doctor could do he wanted no more

There is a popular notion that, where there are occupational hazards to the eyes, it is dangerous to wear glasses. The assumption is that if they are accidentally broken they will certainly do harm to the eyes. Actually, it is rare to see such injury, and glasses do save damage to the eyes with surprising frequency. One does well to wear glasses as protection, whenever forced to work under conditions dangerous to the eyes. This was strikingly illustrated in the experience of a local steelworker who had a splash of moulten metal cover one of his lenses, breaking it into many pieces, and firmly sealing them together as it almost instantly solidified. His eye was uninjured.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say—Colton.

42/6/300

### The Mormons and the Mountains

(Continued from page 402)

made Thy children mighty by the touch of the mountain sod'.

THE physical features of the locality provided for homogeneity in another way. Utah was a land of diverse harvests, supplying nearly every human need. Even salt and iron were available, products not found in many otherwise self sustaining regions. grew abundantly on Nephi Ridge; peach trees blossomed in Utah valley and the Boxelder country; cotton and tropical fruits came out of Dixie; the irrigated lands of the Sevier produced lucern seed; sheep pastured on the western desert and cattle on the eastern highlands. Thus the necessities of life were furnished and exchange among the communities facilitated a feeling of unity and a spirit of interdependence. How interesting it is that in the varied valleys of Utah, immigrants built in the localities that in some way reminded them of their homelands—the Swiss among the cliffs of Santa Clara; the Danish in "Little Copenhagen" (Levan), the lone Italian at the mouth of Rock Canyon.

With security and unity their heritage in the mountains, the Mormons set about the conquest of the land. It is said that civilization is the product of moderate adversity. Perhaps, then, with the Mormons, extreme adversity produced a higher type of civilization. Utah was not a land that yielded her treasures easily. Cedar trees and oak brush had to be cut down; sage and greasewood grubbed and burned: rocks hauled away: canals, with their fringe of headgates, had to be dug; the land required deep plowing and frequent cultivation. Homesteads had to be tamed.

Many stony unwatered acres would produce no harvest. In the Valley of the Virgin waters rampaged over the planted fields. In central Utah minerals came up from the earth and covered the soil. One settler of the Sevier River country, when all his land was white with alkali, still praised his home in the mountains. We have plenty of room," he said, "plenty of work and exercise, and plenty of fresh free air.'

The pioneers were hardy souls who thrilled to the depths of their beings as they dug the first furrows in a new soil and turned the mountain streams into ditches that hungrily soaked up the unfamiliar water. And the first faint green that spread over the desert must have been a film too sacred for human description. The shrubs and trees brought in wagons over a thousand rough miles must have leafed and bloomed with special beauty for a people who put into their pioneering something more than the labor of their hands and the hopes of their hearts. The Mormons felt that they tilled the soil of a consecrated land. No wonder that such an inner flame produced results almost unbelievable.

COME critics have said that the Mormons are poetically inarticulate. And yet when one studies

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the "mountain literature" of our people, he finds it deep, expressive, rhythmic. Brigham Young described the glory that flooded over him when he thought of the stronghold in the mountains, and he talked with the tongue of a maker of beauty:

"I will tell you when you and I may consider ourselves truly rich-when we can speak to the earth—to the native elements in boundless space, and say to them—'Be ye organized and planted here'.

To this wise builder the valley was a "large room canopied by the sky and walled in by these mountains.'

The close alliance between pioneer and desert soil was clear to Heber Kimball: "How does the earth feel when righteous men and women are walking upon it, plowing it, hoeing it, blessing it! I will tell you, the earth feels it— it has power in it."

How these people loved the long ranges-their fluted crests against the sky, their rugged canyons, their highland valleys. There developed early a feeling for the individuality of the mountains. No two peaks were alike, no two chains of the same pattern. Even the seasonal moods were welcomed. The late Orson F. Whitney, sometimes called the Byron of Mormondom, was profoundly affected by the mountains, particularly when they were clothed in clouds and stood above the valley with an almost foreboding guardianship:

'Much I love the solemn mountain It doth meet my sombre mood When amidst the muttering thunders, O'er my soul the storm clouds brood."

To him the untamed land was "a desolation of centuries, where earth seemed heaven forsaken, where Hermit Nature, watching, waiting, wept and worshipped God in eternal solitude.'

An old trapper from the Zion Canyon country came into St. George one spring and said to his friends, "Well, I've seen the Great White Throne and I can never look down again." There was a Kanab woman who used to stroke her white hair and wrinkled face and declare that the desert wind had waved her hair and the desert sand had etched her face.

To understand man we must view him as an integral part of his environment for he is literally carved and molded by it. races as for men it seems debilitating to be born with a silver spoon in the mouth." The desert and the mountains were like a great forge shaping links of steel. No wonder that the Mormons still declare: Sacred is the soil—dear are the hills of God."

### One Saturday

(Continued from page 398)

was a noise so loud that the whole earth trembled; there was a crash of glass and trees and bricks and mortar. All nature seemed to be doing a Highland fling! Terrified, naked and dripping, I ran a good half block to the kitchen. Everybody, wild and bewildered, had gathered in the basement for safety. Another bang-and this time the kitchen cupboard toppled over and I saw my precious play dishes and favorite glass salt cellars whirl over my head and crash to the floor in bits. All was panic and confusion. Was it a volcano in eruption; the world coming to an end-Camp Douglas bombarding the townwhat could it be?

It was a long time before we found out it was just a couple of playful boys up City Creek shooting at a powder magazine.

Aunt Louisa was so mad-she said if she could get ahold of those boys she'd teach them not to shoot at a powder magazine-right after . house-cleaning anyway.

When things quieted down, I slipped on a sack apron and went out on Main Street, and oh!-all the big, lovely plate glass in the Co-op windows was lying all over the sidewalk. So I picked up as much as I could carry and put it in the bottom drawer of the yellow bureau for a keepsake.

Then-oh, I had a funny feeling in my stomach. All of a sudden I remembered that poor little papoose-what had the explosion done to her! I ran through the house to find my sister-I shouted "Em!" loud as I could. At last I found her primping up to go out with her beau. So I jogged her memory about the papoose.

"Em," I gulped, "I'm afraid to go in the wash-house-ain't you?" Em left a beau catcher half made on her cheek and hurried out.

"Come along," she said.

So, fearfully, we entered the wash-house, expecting to see that poor little papoose in fragments, but happily-there she sat in the empty bath tub, trying to put the tub stopper and a polished bronze toe both—in her mouth at the same

I guess she was glad the explosion came or she would never have become acquainted with her toe, since for eighteen months, it had been way down at the bottom of its little cradle on her mother's back so very, very far from home.

### The Lord Overrules

(Continued from page 413)

the opinion ever since the occurrence that the Lord out of His abundant goodness used this (to me) very convincing means of showing me that my conclusions were wrong and that without fear of the consequences I should accept whatever Church call came to me. I did not for an instant doubt that the shock came from a divine source. It was ten years before on the eve of leaving home for college that the Lord had given me a wonderful manifestation. So I knew He lived. I recognized at once the source of the impression that came to me on the train. I thanked the Lord that He had again made my way clear.

So, having reached Salt Lake City, the following day when Dr. Lyman called to see me I knew at least one thing he was going to say to me. The visit resulted in our going together to the office of Assistant General Superintendent B. H. Roberts and next to that of the President of the Salt Lake Stake, Angus M. Cannon. From that day until this I have been in some kind of public Church service, And my humble opinion has ever since been that this activity was helpful rather than hurtful to the University of Utah with which institution I remained connected in a leading administrative position during thirty and one-half years following the incident spoken of above.

Yes, the Lord does overrule sometimes and often He is kind to us far beyond our appreciation at the time.

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### Ogden's Hole

(Continued from page 414)

River, where they again unite. The old road strikes Bear River, follows down its valley by the Soda Springs to Fort Hall whence it pursues a southwesterly course to the Humboldt. By this route a northing of nearly two degrees is made, and the road, consequently, is much lengthened. The other route was laid out by the Mormon community in 1847 and conducts the emigrant to their city in the southern part of Salt Lake Valley, causing him to vary from the line of his direction rather more than a degree southwardly; this he has to recover by a direct north course to the crossing of Bear River near the north end of the Lake, whence he proceeds in a northwest direction until he intersects the old road from Fort Hall.

I was desirous of ascertaining whether a shorter route than either of these could not be obtained by pursuing a direct course to the head of the lake or to the point where Bear River enters its basin through the Wasatch Range from Cache Valley. If practicable, such a trace would save the emigration the grear detour that has to be made by either of the present routes, and would have a direct bearing upon the selection of a site for the military post

contemplated for this region.

After giving details of his trip from Fort Bridger, Mr. Stansbury continues:

Monday, August 27. We followed down Ogden's Creek about a mile, when we found that the broad valley was shut up between two ranges of hills, or rather mountains, leaving a flat, low, level bottom, densely covered in places by willows, through which the stream meanders from side to side for three miles, washing alternately the base of either range. After passing through this canyon, the ridge separated, and before us lay a most lovely, broad open valley somewhat in the shape of a crescent about 15 miles long and from five to seven miles in width, hemmed in on all sides, especially on the south and west by lofty hills and rocky mountains, upon the top and sides of which the snow glistened in the rays of the morning sun. The scene was cheering in the highest degree. The valley, rich and level, was covered with grass, springs broke out from the mountains in every direction, and the facilities for irrigation appeared to be very great. Ogden's Creek, breaking through its barriers, flows in a crystal stream at the base of the mountains on the south, for rather more than half the length of the valley, when it forces a passage through the huge range which divides this "gem of the desert" from the Salt Lake Valley by a canyon, wild and almost impassable (Ogden Canyon). On the corth a hourist little heat. north a beautiful little brook, taking its rise in the elevated group separating this from Cache Valley, washes the base of the western hills, and joins Ogden's Creek just before it enters the canyon, after passing through which the latter discharges its waters into the Weber River, a tributary of the Great Salt Lake. Numerous bright little streams of pure, running water were met with in abundance rendering this the most interesting and delightful spot we

had seen during our long and monotonous journey.

Rather more than half way between the canyon of Ogden's Creek and the north end of the valley a pass is found by which a crossing of the mountain into the Salt Lake Valley can be effected, The ascent of the western side is for the first four or five hundred yards very abrupt and rocky, and would require a good deal of grading to render a road practicable; but after this, little or no labor would be necessary except to cut away the brush, which, in places, is quite thick. The length of the pass is about three miles and the height of the range through which it makes the cut from 800 to 1,000 feet above the valley on each side. The valley of Ogden's Creek or Ogden's Hole (as places of this kind in the nomenclature of this country are called) has long been the rendezvous of the Northwest Company on account of its fine range for stock in the winter and has been the scene of many a merry reunion of the hardy trappers and traders of the mountains. Its streams were formerly full of beaver but these have, I believe, entirely disap-peared. \* \* \* peared.

In the pass through which we enter Ogden's Hole, the carboniferous rocks were again found thrown up at an angle of 70 or 80 degrees, with a dip to the north-On the western side of the high range of hills which extended to the northwest and formed the eastern boundary of Ogden's Hole, the edges of the strata cropped out as if a great fault had been formed at the point of elevation. \* \* \* In the pass leading to Salt Lake through the Wasatch Range, the rocks were metamorphic. \* \* \* Descending the pass through dense thickets of small oak trees, we caught the first glimpse of the great Salt Lake, the long desired object of our search and which had cost us so many weary steps to reach. \* \* \* Emerging from the pass we entered the valley of the Salt Lake and descending some moderately high table land struck the road from the Mormon settlement to the lower ford of Bear River, whence, in two or three miles, we came to what was called Brown's settlement\* and rode up to quite an extensive assemblage of log buildings picketed, stockaded and surrounded by outbuildings and cattle yards. The whole affording evidence of comfort and abundance, far greater than I had expected to see in so new a settle-

HAVE quoted liberally from Howard Stansbury's report, in order to prove positively that Ogden's Hole is the present Ogden Valley, and that the present site of Ogden is a different location altogether. For certain reasons, not well known, the early Mormon settlers in Weber County designated North Ogden as Ogden's Hole, and at the time of the Buchanan Army troubles in 1857-8 North Ogden is named Ogden's Hole, and ranks as the farthermost town north of Salt Lake City vacated by the Mormons in the general move south in the spring of 1858. There was still another place sometimes called

\*The present Ogden.

Ogden's Hole, a short distance north of the Ogden River, where some of the early non-Mormon inhabitants of Weber County known as the rough element were in the habit of congregating to have a "glorious time" with their whiskey bottles; but let it be definitely known for all time to come that neither this resort for a rough element nor North Ogden is anything more than a local designation, and does not apply to the real opening in the mountains known in pre-Mormon pioneer days as Ogden's Hole.

In conclusion we draw attention to the fact that the early trappers in the Rocky Mountain regions were in the habit of naming the smaller valleys or openings in the mountains as holes, such as Jackson Hole (now Jackson Valley, Wyoming), Pierre's Hole (now Teton Valley, Idaho), etc.

For the benefit of posterity I feel that errors, as they present themselves, should be corrected.

### Our Historical Insect Foe

(Continued from page 420)

locusts themselves in order to keep from starving to death. Our

American Indians also ate them. On July 25, 1880, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Erastus Snow, speaking of early epidemics of grasshoppers and crickets in Utah, said:

"The savages had learned in their destitution to profit by these visitations, for
when the insects would devour all the green
things, they would turn in and devour
the insects. And on this ground, on this
city plot, the first company of savages who
visited the pioneer camp, after the exchange
of salutations, retired to prepare their evening repast, and they emptied out of their
sacks bushels of dried grasshoppers on
which they made their supper. Our people
had not learned to do this yet, but had
it not been for the providential appearance
of the gulls, we would have been brought
to the same necessity—to gather up the
crickets and salt and dry them to subsist
upon."\*

We are thankful that our noble pioneers did not have to resort to that measure. With our modern education, our scientific knowledge, and our social organization, if people are willing to co-operate in fighting an epidemic, we do not need to fear these insect enemies that afflicted our forefathers.

<sup>\*</sup>Improvement Era, Vol. 16, p. 753.

# owr Page and Ours

THE ARGONAUT Congratulates: The L. D. S. Men for making a semester average of 5,176, leading the entire university (University of Idaho) scholarship race, and setting a new all-time record." Richard Stanton, Editor, The Idaho Argonaut, Thursday, March 27, 1934.

We also congratulate the L. D. S. men for that fine

achievement.

WOMEN students, traditionally superior to men in the realm of group scholarship on the Idaho campus, lost that supremacy to 22 men living in the L. D. S. Institute for

the semester ending in February. \* \* \*
"The L. D. S. Institute has the distinction of being the first men's group on the campus to outrank all women's groups in scholarship. In winning first honors the L. D. S. men merely repeated their performance for the second semester last year the registrar's office reports." The Idaho Argonaut.

WHEN we turned first to "The Land of Manana," we were pleased, then company to were pleased, then somewhat surprised-and ere long, pained by the inferences contained therein and the personalities writes a lady from the "Colonies," Mrs. Grace

laid bare,' Zenor Pratt.

"With all due respects to the author of this narrative; to her cleverness and versatility, yet we cannot but feel that she has overstepped the limits of good journalism, to become so very personal and to suggest to unacquainted readers the lowly and unsophisticated condition of this far away and peculiar people," Mrs. Pratt continues. "Latter-day Saints and others who have visited this part of Mexico, may draw their own conclusions, but to strangers, what a unique position we must hold in civilization, after such a page from history!

"There have been and still are many clever satirists, but no one-even the most modern, but has veiled his sarcasm and

tempered his wit, with the rules of convention.

"These colonists are not my people, save by adoption-I would they were, I would be proud, indeed."

Mrs. Pratt concludes a letter which accompanied the brief article in answer to Mrs. Cardon's article-which we cannot print in full—with this paragraph: "You may or may not use my name in connection with this article, that is immaterial to me, but I do ask your kindly consideration in this matter. I think you will agree with me that some apology is due the colonists of Mexico; that a different impression be left with your readers who do not know us here.

### TESTIMONIAL LETTER

I WOULD like my next issue sent to my new address. I love the magazine very much. To my estimation I think that it is the best one on the market for any family. There is reading for every member of the household.

"I have every bound volume from the time it has been printed in this form. I have many ask me where they could get such a book," says Klein K. Skousen, c/o Skousen Brothers Camp, Williams, Arizona.

THE March cover of the Era is as lovely as a poem as I have read for some time," says Mrs. Carl J. Christensen, of Long Island, New York. "If I were an artist I should love to paint all the moods of sky."

DEAR Editors: I think I enjoy the Era more than I ever did. I have been wanting to ask you why you do not put a stronger binding on the Era—bind it like you used to before the Era and the Y. L. Journal went together. \* \* \* "I sure did enjoy reading 'The Land of Manana.' I en-

joyed it more than all the other stories put together, and I want to thank Leah for the lovely story and ask her to come again. There must be more where that came from. I want again. There must be more where that callie from: I want to call her Leah as that is the name I knew her by; as I have not seen her since she was a young girl, I don't know if she would remember me, even if I would tell her my name. I would not mind telling her or you my name but I don't care to tell everyone, so I'll keep you guessing.

"I would like to correct a little error, but not in the way of finding fault. She celebrated The Cinco de Mayo (5th of May) for the Mexican Fourth of July, but I think the Mexican fourth of July is on the 16th of September. Her father would know if anyone did. Ask him if you want to be sure.'

The letter containing the above paragraphs was signed "In Arizona From Old Mexico." The post mark on the

envelope was Douglas, Arizona.

### THIS LETTER, USED BY PERMISSION, IS SELF EXPLANATORY

LEWIS E. LAWES Ossining (Sing Sing) New York

March 21, 1934.

My dear Dr. Knudson:

TN answer to your inquiry, the reason why playing cards are not permitted in this institution is because, in my experience, I find that their use encourages gambling and its concomitant evils of hard feelings and fights.

(Signed) Lewis E. Lawes.

Rev. Porter C. Knudson, Scott Valley Parish, Etna, California.

#### THE ERA A SEMI MONTHLY-AND IN THESE HARD TIMES

Reno, Nevada,

Dear Brethren: I WISH to congratulate you on the choice in the Era. We enjoy it as a spiritual feast and hope the WISH to congratulate you on the choice of material used time may come when conditions will make it necessary to make the Era a semi-monthly publication. I am sure there are many faith-promoting bits of History in our Historian's office and other sources such as the testimony of Brother Leroi C. Snow as it appeared in an Autumn number, that the members of the Church at large know nothing of. Such stories and incidents should be made familiar to our members in order to increase their appreciation for the restoration of the priesthood and the wonderful manifestations that have come to the Church as a result of it. To my mind the Era is doing that. May it continue to grow and flourish as it Sincerely your brother, (Signed) Wm. R. Hurst. has done.

### "ARMS AND THE MEN"

ACCORDING to the best accountancy figures, it cost about \$25,000 to kill a man during the World War," according to an article which appeared in "Fortune" and according to an article which appeared in "Fortune" and condensed in "The Reader's Digest. "One class of big business men never denounced this extravagance. For every time a burst shell fragment found its way into the brain, the heart, or the intestines of a man in the front line, a great part of the \$25,000 found its way into the pockets of these men, the armament makers.

How long will the people of the world be "like dumb driven cattle" and allow these great armament companies to force them into war for profit? If you are interested, read "Arms and the Men," Readers Digest, or Fortune, May, 1934.

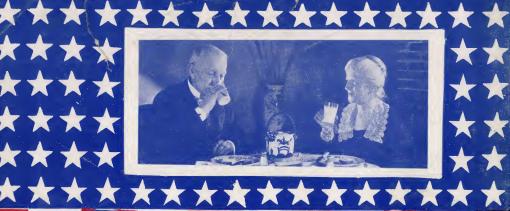
1 1

Dear Editors of the Era:

OUR visit to the June Convention this year paid us the finest dividends in all our M. I. A. experience. The meeting held on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock gave us new hope for the future and determination to carry on. Can we hope to have the talks given in that meeting printed in the Era? Every word must come to us.

Sincerely, M. I. A. Worker.

We can assure this worker, as well as others who have requested copies of the talks given in the Saturday morning meeting, that they will be printed in the August and September numbers of the Era. We are glad to be of service.





### DECLARATION OF FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE

Your signature on a Beneficial Life application is your declaration for future independence and happiness.

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